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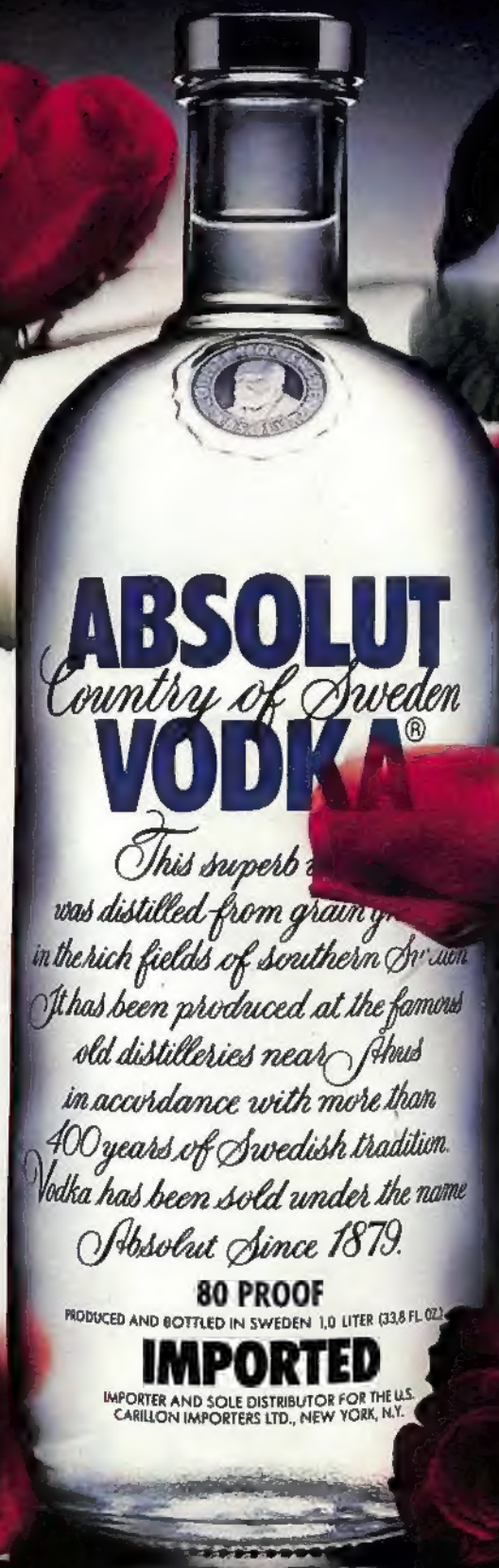
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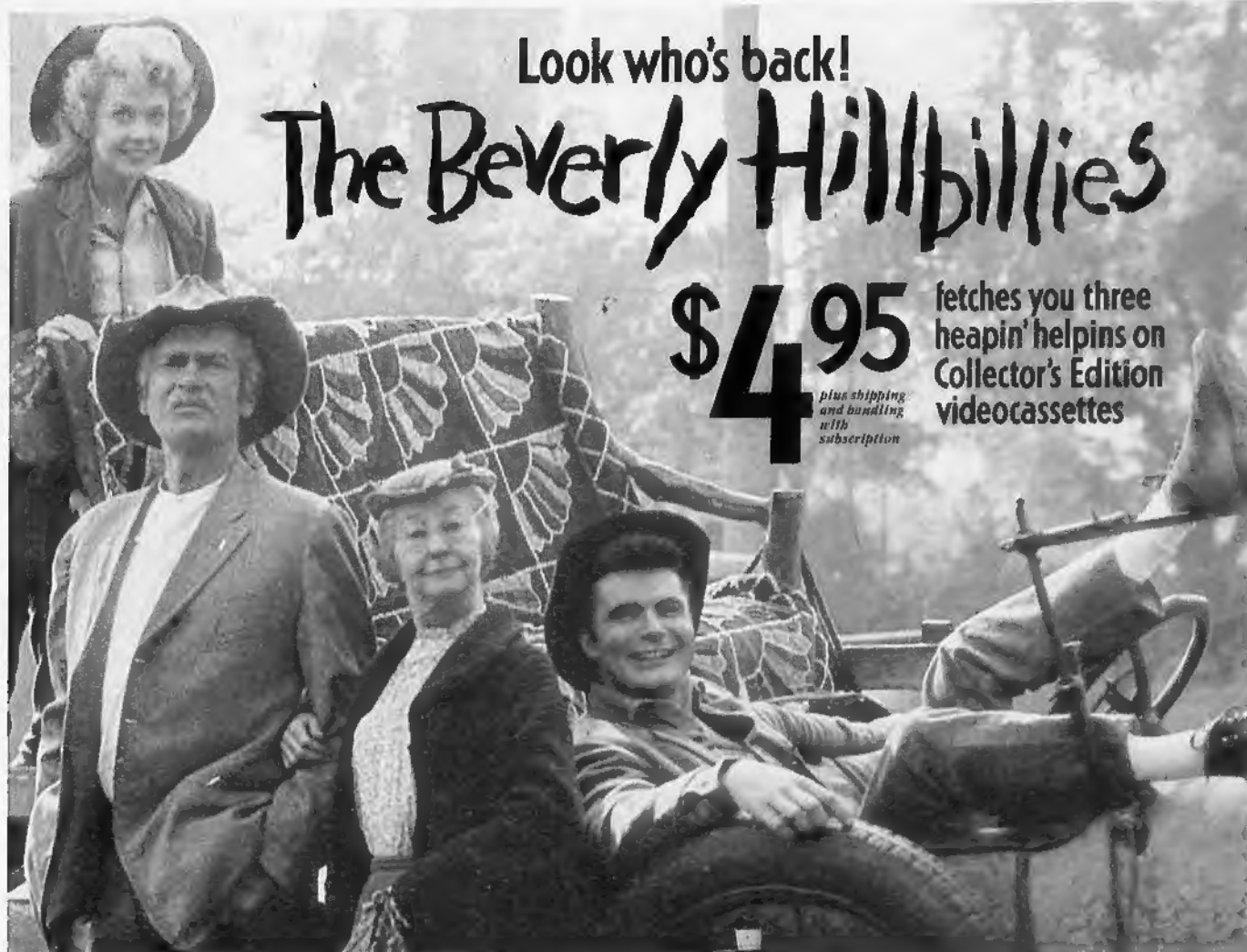




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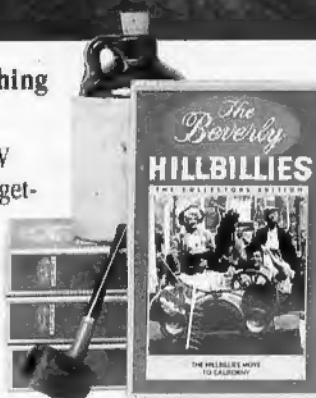
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# Memories

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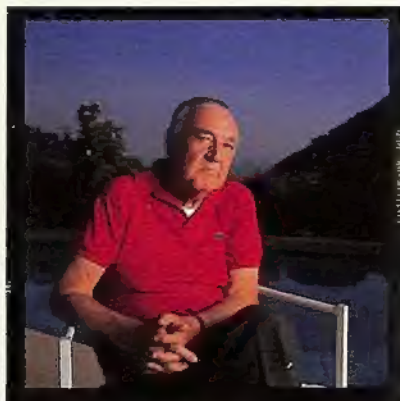
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# Who Is This Guy?

**T**hose of us who work at this magazine like to think it is unique. But one of the things that sets us apart—our less-than-enthusiastic response to unsolicited story suggestions—is something for which we are endlessly apologizing. Worse, the reason for our resistance could be said to stem from editorial hubris: Not only do we think we know exactly which stories we want to cover, we also think we know exactly who should cover them. For every great story—we believe—there is one individual who can tell it best, whether it is Ralph Abernathy writing about Martin Luther King, Edna Buchanan on Al Capone, Seymour Hersh on My Lai or Alistair Cooke on Winston Churchill (not to mention Gregory Peck on Gregory Peck).

Naturally, such a rigid editorial outlook tends to limit the number of times any one writer might be represented in our pages. After all, nobody has a corner on the great stories of the last half-century. How, then, has the man who traces Joseph McCarthy's rise and fall in this issue, managed to get through our fortifications on three—count 'em, three—separate occasions?

It all started with Alger Hiss. Our search for the perfect someone to unravel the convoluted case of the public official accused of betraying his country led us to the history department at Rutgers University and a recognized cold war scholar we had only vaguely heard of. The scholar didn't know much about us either, but never mind, he'd be happy to tackle Hiss—metaphorically, of course.

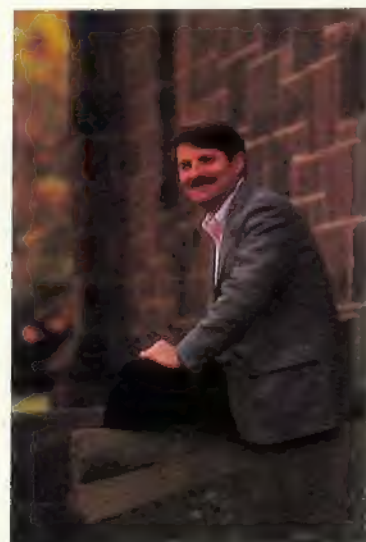
A few weeks later the Hiss piece arrived, and it was all we'd hoped it would be: clear, thoughtful, compelling. When the staff cheering subsided, everyone wanted to know: Who is this guy?

A graduate of Cornell with a Ph.D. from Brandeis, David M. Oshinsky is a married, 45-year-old father of two boys and the author of three books. He is also a full professor of history and the recipient of Rutgers's annual Distinguished Teaching Award for "mastery of his subject, his ability to engage students in lively debate, and his invaluable service to the Graduate Program."

As the Hiss article was going to press (it appeared in our Fall 1988 issue), Oshinsky revealed that he'd spent several summers researching the murders of three civil rights workers in Mississippi. Would we be interested? Would we, indeed. "Mississippi Turning," a report from a 25-year anniversary observance, appeared in our last issue. And when the anniversary of Senator Joseph McCarthy's Wheeling, W.Va., speech approached, we went to the man who wrote the book: *A Conspiracy So Immense: The World of Joe McCarthy*, by David M. Oshinsky. Once again (see page 46), he does not disappoint.

What, we asked him once we knew him better, is a man with his academic credentials doing writing for a—well, for a magazine with Sophia Loren on the cover? His answer, like his articles, was clear and straightforward. "The first job of a historian," he said, "is to be a storyteller and to reach as large an audience as possible. The trouble with my profession is that historians talk largely to themselves, producing monographs read by 200 or 300 people. Too many historians have stopped communicating with the educated American public."

Not Oshinsky. Not as long as we have something to say about it. ■



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**David Oshinsky: Storyteller.**

*Carey Winfrey*





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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

# Comic Relief

By Bill Cometti and Delphine Taylor

"When I got the role of Jimmy Olsen," says **Jack Larson**, who played the *Daily Planet's* freckle-faced photographer on TV's *The Adventures of Superman*, "my father told me I was only getting back all the dimes he had given me as a kid to buy the Superman comic book." Larson, 56, who played Clark Kent's eager companion from 1951 to 1957, insists the role was not as easy as it looked. "It was no joke playing a comic-book character," he says. The wide-eyed figure on the printed page was "just an outline of a personality. I had to bring my own personality to it." Of George Reeves, who played Superman (and who took his own life in 1959), Larson says, "George was one of the most charming, noble people I've known. He couldn't have been happy once he got typecast." When the series ended, Larson began writing plays and opera librettos. He has worked in films as an assistant producer on *The China Syndrome* and *Bright Lights, Big City*. But his days in front of the camera were special. "I'll be remembered for Jimmy, and that's fine by me. I'm proud of it, and I loved playing him."

"We didn't have a lot to do outside of getting into trouble and waiting for Superman to rescue us," says **Noel Neill**, who

replaced Phyllis Coates after one season to play *Daily Planet* reporter Lois Lane on *The Adventures of Superman*. The weekly program did not exactly specialize in character development. "In those days," says Neill, "it was just work fast and know your lines. There was no in-depth acting or rehearsing or any of the stuff they have the time to do now." Neill retired from acting when the series ended. "There were just too many changes in the industry," she says. "It was just too cutthroat." After more than a decade's distance from the show, Neill toured colleges answering students' questions about her Super-experience. "They remembered more about the darn show than I did," she says. In 1978, she played Lois Lane's mother in the first *Superman* feature film. Now in her 60's and twice divorced, Neill lives in Santa Monica, Calif., where she likes to play golf and volleyball. She says she still gets recognized as the *Daily Planet's* star reporter. "The affection people have for our characters makes you feel good. It's nice to be loved."



Larson and Neill



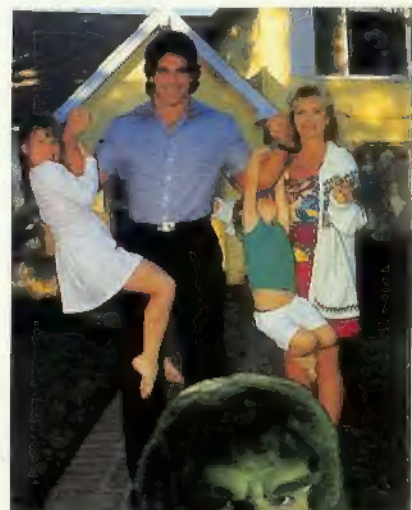
MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

Carter

"Wonder Woman presented a positive image of an attractive person who was bright and kind," **Lynda Carter** once said. Wearing a star-spangled suit, golden brassiere and bulletproof bracelets, Carter fought the forces of evil in the TV series from 1977 through 1979. The resolute but feminine comic-book character, created in 1941 by psychologist William Moulton, enjoyed resurgent popularity during the women's movement. But Carter, a former Miss World-U.S.A., says she didn't realize her character was a role model for young feminists until later. "I wasn't even aware of its impact when I was doing it," she told an interviewer. Since her wonder years, Carter, 37, has appeared in a handful of TV movies, including 1987's *Stillwatch*, which she also co-produced. Today she performs occasionally as a singer in Las Vegas and Atlantic City. Was the transition difficult? "People laughed at me. They said, 'Wonder Woman sing! Give me a break!'" Carter also serves as a spokesperson for Maybelline cosmetics. She lives in Washington with her second husband, attorney Robert Altman, and their 2-year-old son, James Clifford.

"The Incredible Hulk was my favorite comic book as a little kid," says **Lou Ferrigno**, 38, who played the pea-green monster in the TV series (1977-1980) and later in made-for-TV movies. Ferrigno, who has been

almost completely deaf since age 3, began lifting weights as a teenager. In 1974, he won the Mr. Teenage America, Mr. America, Mr. Universe and Mr. International bodybuilding titles. "When I was spending those hours with the weights," he once said, "I always used to fantasize about being an actor." The role of the Hulk "was a lifelong dream come true. Despite all the heavy makeup and the long hours, the part was a natural for me." He has since starred in such muscle-bound movies as *Hercules*, *The Adventures of Hercules* and *Cage*. He also lectures on bodybuilding. His next project is a TV movie, *The Death of the Hulk*. Does this mean the end of the green giant? "We'll just have to wait and see," says Ferrigno, who in the meantime maintains his 6-foot-5, 270-pound frame with a daily workout in his private gym. He lives in Santa Monica, Calif., with his wife, Carla, and their two children, Shanna and Lou Jr. "They're my biggest fans," he says. "They even call me Daddy Hulk."



Ferrigno



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# WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

**Richard Webb** had never heard of Captain Midnight, the daring pilot do-gooder of radio and comic-book fame, when he accepted the TV role. "I made the deal myself," he says, "and my agent was fractured. He said, 'Dick, you are through, you'll never work again.' " But *Captain Midnight* soared. "We had about 10 million adults and 15 million kids who watched the show," says Webb. "They believed in Captain Midnight." Webb, who had made almost 60 movies before landing the superhero role, says it was the highlight of his career. When the series ended in 1956 after two years (reruns, retitled *Jet*



*Jackson*, aired until 1966), Webb made personal appearances as the Captain. Today, Captain Midnight's flight jacket is on display at the Smithsonian National Space and Aeronautics Museum in Washington. Though he starred in *U.S. Border Patrol* in 1958-59 and appeared on other adventure shows, Webb says he will always have a particular affinity for the Captain. "I always played Captain Midnight as Richard Webb," he says. Living in Van Nuys, Calif., with Florence, his wife of 33 years, Webb, 68, has published four novels. He recently completed his first book of popular history. The title? *Captain Midnight*.

**Van Williams** sleuthed in two TV detective series before starring as the masked vigilante on *The Green Hornet*. A popular radio show in the 30's and 40's and later a comic book, *The Green Hornet* didn't fly on TV and was canceled in 1967 after one season. Williams says the brief series typecast him and ended his acting career. "All the other shows I did had better ratings than *The Green Hornet*," he says, "but the one people remember the most was that one." Alias Britt Reid, editor of the *Daily Sentinel*, the Green



Hornet and his sidekick, Kato (played by martial artist Bruce Lee), battled crime from a high-tech automobile called Black Beauty. "I got a lot of heat for playing the role so straight," says Williams, "but I wanted to play it straight as an arrow. No irony, no whip-bam-sham-shazam running across the screen." Williams, 55, became a stockbroker after the series folded; today he owns a telecommunications company. With wife Vicki he divides his time among homes in Los Angeles, Texas and Hawaii. And he is still battling the bad guys as a reserve deputy for the Los Angeles County sheriff's office. "For me," Williams says, "it's a lot more interesting doing it for real than play-acting it on television."

"The best thing about the movie was that nobody treated me like a brat," says **Aileen Quinn**, who played Daddy Warbucks's favorite orphan in the 1982 film version of *Annie*. Quinn won the part—and the heart of director John Huston—over 8,000 other little girls. Sandy, her canine co-star, wasn't such a pushover. In fact, she says, "he weighed more than I did." Quinn, who started studying dance at age 4, appeared in commercials, plays and movies throughout grade school. Last year she starred in a film version of *The Frog Prince*. Now a freshman at the University of California, Quinn, 18, hopes to break into TV. Having made her fame as a 10-year-old, she sometimes feels trapped in

prepubescence. "People see the same face and the same smile, and they can't help but think of Annie," she says. Still, a major role may be only a day away. "I'd love to play a nasty Joan Collins-type instead of always being the goody-goody!"



**Adam West**, who played the caped crusader on TV's *Batman* from 1966 through 1968, feared he might be typecast in the role. But when "the door opened and I walked through it," he says, "I decided I might as well try to enjoy it." West, who started his acting career playing "neurotic killers," never expected to play a popular comic-book hero. "It's a funny thing to go running around as the world's greatest crime fighter," he says.

"Occasionally you have moments when you flash back to when you were a kid

reading about him." Still, he adds, "I think most people would want to be Batman." West's latest films include *Knight Raiders* and *Solar Survivors*. He is currently shooting *Maxim Xul*, a horror-suspense film. He is also planning to market an interactive TV show but isn't ready to discuss any details. At 61, West spends his free time fishing, hunting and skiing near his home in Ketchum, Idaho, where he lives with wife Marcelle and their two daughters, Nina and Perrin.

No one is more surprised by the enduring popularity of *Batman* than **Yvonne Craig**, who played Batgirl, the Dynamic Duo's curvaceous counterpart. "There still seems to be room for this kind of stuff," says the actress, who had numerous roles in film and TV before becoming Batgirl. "I guess there's always room for superheroes." Though her character hung around the Batcave for only one season, Craig remembers the part as "wonderful in every aspect. *Batman* gave me everything that I wanted from a series. It attached a name with a face, it gave me a place to go and something to do and it paid me extremely well to do it." Today Craig, in her late 40's, sells real estate and lives in Santa Monica, Calif., with her husband, Kenneth. Real estate "certainly uses another part of my brain that I didn't use as an actress," she says.



West and Craig

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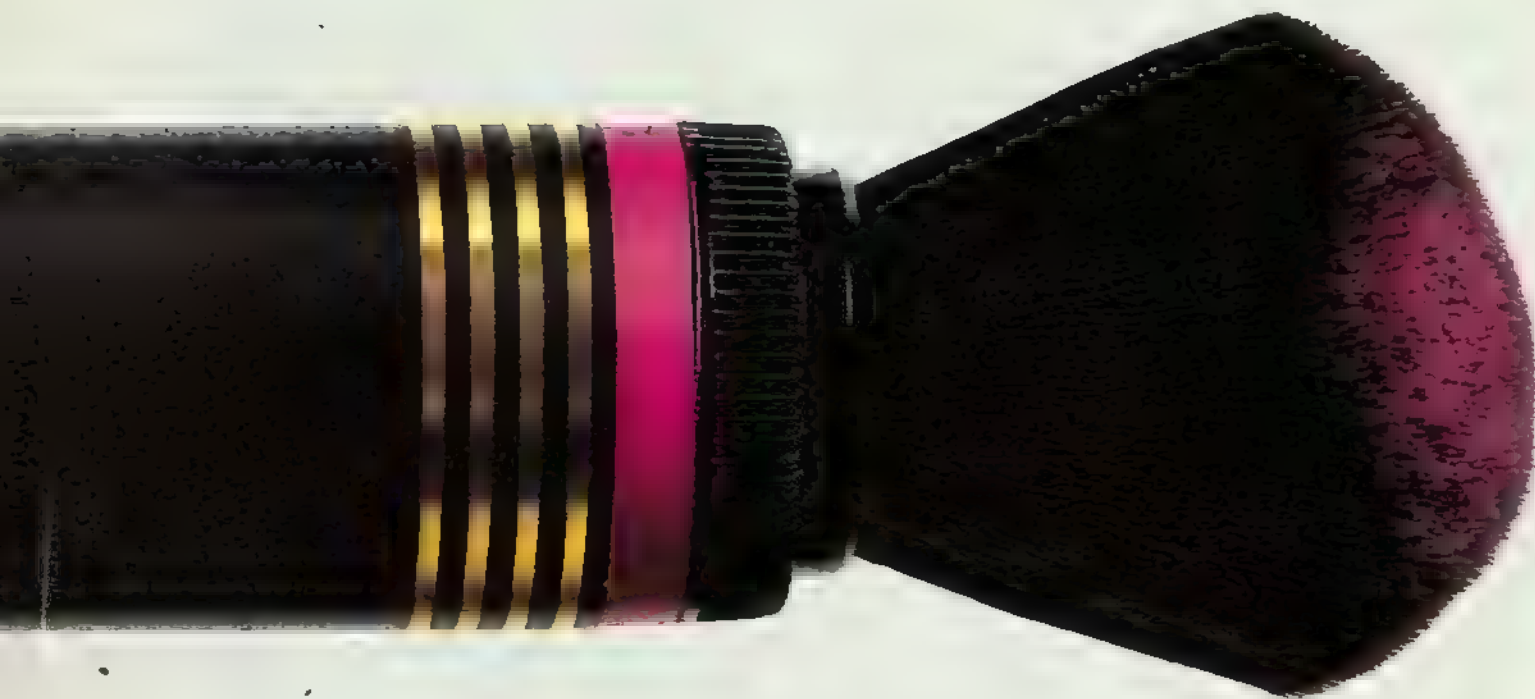


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By Eileen Garred

# WORLD Traveler

**O**n Jan. 26, 1890, Joseph Pulitzer's *New York World* heralded the safe return of a traveler who had encircled the globe in 72 days, 6 hours, 11 minutes and 14 seconds. "Father Time Outdone!" proclaimed the headline. Even more astonishing was the news that the imaginary record established in Jules Verne's 1873 novel, *Around the World in Eighty Days*, had been smashed in real life, and by a woman.

The *World* claimed it had turned "a dream into a reality" by sending 23-year-old reporter Nellie Bly on an unchaperoned around-the-world race against Phileas Fogg, the hero of Verne's popular romance, by ship, train, jinriksha, sampan, catamaran, burro, gharry, barouche and bullock cart. For her triumphant return aboard the Chicago limited express, she rode the locomotive engine and operated the throttle herself.

Nellie had suggested the trip to her editors, who then seized on it as a way to boost circulation. Nearly a million readers entered a pool to guess Nellie's final arrival time. The prize? A trip to Europe. Special Nellie Bly games and other souvenirs sold out at once. The frequent stories she cabled to the *World* were mostly impressionistic, since sightseeing was almost entirely sacrificed to speed.

Nellie's Suez Canal was "a mammoth ditch," the priests in the temples of Ceylon "the best beggars in the world." She watched geisha girls dance in Yokohama, visited the Temple of the Dead in Canton and was given a pet monkey in Singapore. "I have roasted and I have frozen since leaving home," wrote Nellie. "I have dined on Indian curry, on Chinese chow and Japanese eel and rice."

At stops along her final frantic dash from San Francisco to New York, Nellie was greeted by fireworks, brass bands and cheering

crowds. "Did I ever give up hope of success?" she asked during a jubilant welcome-home ceremony. "No, not exactly. Never having failed, I could not picture what failure meant. But I did [say], when success seemed very, very hazy owing to the unexpectedly stormy weather, that I would rather go into New York successful and dead than alive and behind time."

Jules Verne joined the thousands applauding her feat and said she had proved her "intrepidity and courage." Her employers described the trip of the "plucky, nervy young woman" as "the longest which may be taken this side of the grave."

The name Nellie Bly was actually a nom de plume she chose from a Stephen Foster lyric to replace her given name, Elizabeth Cochran. She first achieved recognition shortly after joining the *New York World* in 1887 by describing the deplorable treatment of mental patients, feigning insanity to gain admittance to an asylum.

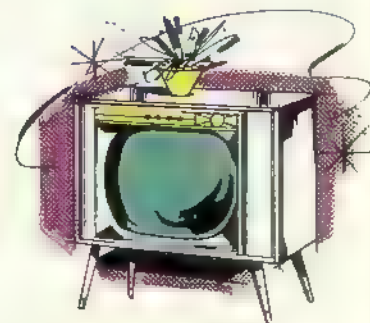
She went on to write about underwater exploits in a diving bell and a trip skyward in a balloon, but later returned to muckraking.

In 1895, she married Robert Seaman, 40 years her senior and the president of a million-dollar steel-barrel manufacturing firm. Following his death in 1910, she took over operation of the business. A series of forgeries by her employees led to bankruptcy, however. Nellie returned to journalism with her old spirit, joining the staff of the *New York Evening Journal*. She covered the Austrian Army in Poland and was, by some accounts, the first woman world war correspondent. She died of pneumonia at age 56 in 1922. ■





# Talk Show TECH



**STEPHEN ALLEN**

Union High School, Phoenix, Ariz. 1941  
Liberal Arts II—Entered from Hyde Park,  
Chicago. Scribble and Blot 4; Annual Staff  
4; Journal Staff 4; Mor Follies 4;  
Entertainment Committee 4

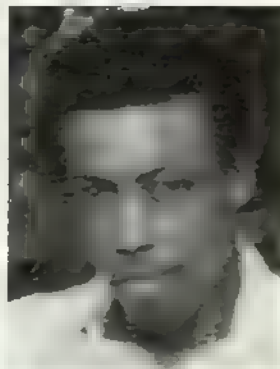


**PHILIP J. DONAHUE**

Saint Edward High School  
Lakewood, Ohio 1953  
Band, Dramatics, Thespian Society  
*The Edwardian*

**JOHNNY CARSON**

Norfolk High School, Norfolk, Neb. 1943  
Features editor, *Milestone*; best  
looking; most athletic



**ARSENIO HALL**

Warrensville Heights High School  
Warrensville, Ohio 1977

**DICK CAVETT**

Lincoln High School, Lincoln, Neb. 1954  
Arts and Sciences, Student Council  
president, State Student Council presi-  
dent, Mummies Play leads, Opera, Band,  
Aeolian Choir, Boys Glee, Mummies, I  
Club, Varsity gymnastics letter, Debate  
Gold Medal, Boys' State, Joy Night central  
committee, Sophomore Assembly, honor  
roll, Joy Night, National Honor Society.



**EDWARD JAMES (Ted) KOPPELL**

McBurney School, New York, N.Y. 1956  
"Dumbo." M Club 2-4; Varsity Soccer 2-  
4, All-City Soccer Team 4; Varsity Tennis  
2; Varsity Fencing 2; Varsity Track 1-3,  
Glee Club 2-4; Drama Club 4, Student  
Government 1; *McBurneyan* 2-4; *Lamp and  
Laurel*; Key Club Editor 4, Winner, Book  
Mart Contest 4; Library Squad 1,  
Safety Squad 4.

WARRENSVILLE HEIGHTS HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY, COLUMBIA UNIV



**DAVID MICHAEL LETTERMAN**  
 Broad Ripple High School  
 Indianapolis, Ind. 1965  
 Basketball Fr., Res. 2; Track Fr., Res. 2;  
 Ripples 2; Musical 4; Hall Monitor 4;  
 Band 1-2.



**FANNY ROSE (Dinah) SHORE**  
 Hume-Fogg High School  
 Nashville, Tenn. 1934  
 Academic; Latin Club '32; Dramatic Club '32,  
 '33, '34, Research Chairman, Music Club '33,  
 '34, Secretary '34; Student Cooperative  
 Organization '33; Winner Girls' Declamatory  
 Contest '33, Leland Hume Debate '34;  
 Secretary-Treasurer Athletic Association  
 Spring '34, Best All-Around Girl.

**BILLY DON MOYERS**  
 Marshall High School, Marshall, Tex. 1952  
 "Balfour Award" (highest academic honor);  
 Student Council; Homeroom Repre-  
 sentative; Associate Editor, *Parrot*;  
 Band; Cheerleader



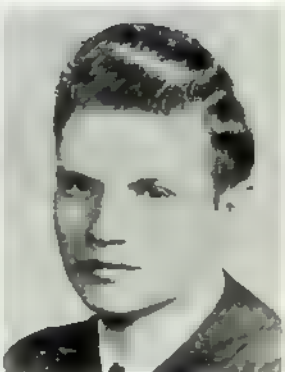
**BARBARA WALTERS**  
 Birch Wathen School, New York, N.Y. 1947  
 "The glory of a firm, capacious mind."

**GERALD(O) RIVERA**  
 West Babylon High School  
 West Babylon, N.Y. 1961  
 Boys' Leaders Club 11, 12, *Eagle Echoes*  
 10, 11, 12; Spanish Club 9, 10, 11, 12;  
 Football 9, 10, 11, 12; Basketball 9,  
 Wrestling 11, 12; Track 9, 10, 11, 12.



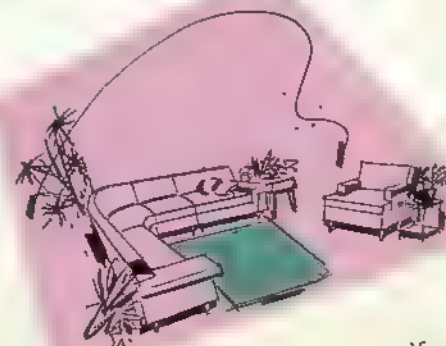
**OPRAH WINFREY**  
 East High School, Nashville, Tenn. 1971  
 Thespians 2, Drama Club 3, Pres. 3;  
 N.F.L. 3, 4, Sec. 3, Pres. 4; State  
 Forensic Champion 3, Student Council 3,  
 4, Pres. 4; Honor Society 4; Miss East  
 High Finalist 3; Most Popular 4.

**PATRICK SAJDAK (Sajak)**  
 Farragut High School  
 Chicago, Ill. 1964  
 Favorite subject: geometry. Favorite  
 teacher: Mr. Bruska. Ambition: radio  
 announcer. Organizations: Senior Cabinet,  
 Senior Honor Society, National Honor  
 Society, Scroll. Awards: Scroll Letter,  
 Civic Award Letter.



**LAWRENCE ZEIGER (Larry King)**  
 Lafayette High School  
 Brooklyn, N.Y. 1951  
 Manager, Basketball Team; Prefect; Cafe-  
 teria; Locker Squads; Radio Announcer;  
 University of Connecticut.

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# bought their second.



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"But that's just the summers. Because we've got skiing in New Hampshire every winter.

"Plus ballet. Piano. Every sport but hockey. Car pools. Three schools. Two jobs. And...Debi, who do all those Little Leaguers in back belong to?"

"Okay, who's the genius that decided he didn't need a cup to drink out of the rear cup holder?"

"Can you please add a partition for the kids?" We're working on it.

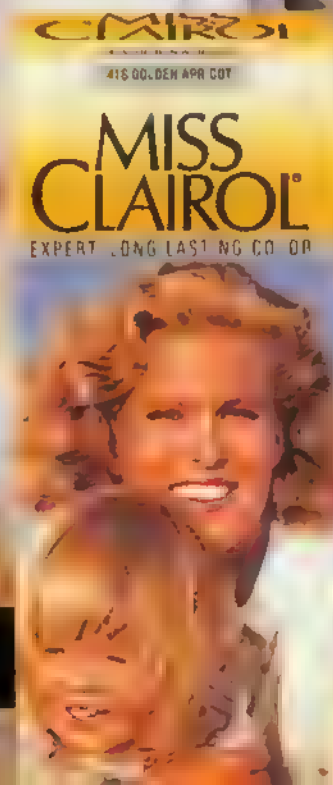
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she...  
or  
doesn't  
she?



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# A Living Doll

By Jeanne Marie Laskas

**P**eople who have never heard of a Barbie doll convention might wonder: Just what does one *do* at a Barbie doll convention? I wondered this. And so I attended the five-day "Barbie Forever Young" convention held last summer at a Hyatt near Disneyland.

More than 500 people from 37 states, Japan, Austria, Canada, France, Hong Kong, Puerto Rico, Norway and West Germany wore name tags with pink ribbons hanging down that said: "Barbie Forever Young." The slogan was everywhere, as if intended to console Barbie, who had, you must understand, just turned 30. The convention doubled as a birthday bash for her.

Naïvely, I went into this thing thinking of Barbie as a doll, the plastic blonde doll of every little girl's dreams, the buxom lady with her feet frozen for all time in the high-heel position. I found out I was wrong. Barbie is more. Barbie is a heroine. Barbie is an icon. Barbie is an investment. Barbie is a metaphor.

Barbie was first introduced to the public in March 1959 at the annual Toy Fair in New York. (Elliott Handler, Mattel Inc.'s founder, and his wife, Ruth, created Barbie and named her after their daughter.) In the 30 years since, more than 500 million have been sold. Mattel, which still manufactures Barbie, figures that 90 percent of American girls between the ages of 3 and 11 own at least one Barbie. There are Latin American, Indian, Japanese and Australian Barbies, as well as dolls representing nearly every country in Western Europe. (It should be pointed out that Mattel is not involved in the annual Barbie convention, which is put together by independent Barbie-lover clubs around the world.)

There are, in fact, plenty of things to do at a Barbie doll convention. Down in the Plaza Terrace there was a competition going on, with judges in rubber gloves deciding which Barbie doll from which era should win which ribbon. Up in the Barcelona Room there was a display of homemade Barbie outfits—Barbie as mermaid, Barbie as Mother



*Is it live, or is it Barbie? Fashion-show contestants imitated their ideal at the Barbie convention.*



DOLLS COURTESY OF MATTEL TOYS

Goose, even boyfriend Ken as Yul Brynner in *The King and I*. You could take pictures of these things. In the Seville Room, a lot of Barbie doll heads were lined up in rows, the display giving an excellent summary of the history of Barbie's hairdos. In the Granada Room there was Barbie in other media: paper dolls and sewing patterns, coloring books, stickers, press-outs, trace-and-color books, crossword puzzles and birthday plates—all of these goods roped off. Look but do not touch. And over in the Madrid Room were eight rows of chairs, all of them facing a TV set showing a continuous video of old and new Barbie doll TV commercials.

There were also events—a slide presentation on Skipper, Barbie's younger sister, and a movie featuring animated Barbies singing rock-and-roll songs. But the biggest attraction at the "Barbie Forever Young" convention was the sales area. Five connecting ballrooms were completely filled, table after table, with Barbie dolls, doll clothes, doll shoes and other accessories, from miniature astronaut equipment to tiny television sets. People were standing in front of the tables, bargaining, writing out checks. I saw one man pay \$1,900 for a 1959 Barbie—the single most coveted item—which, in turn, he presented to his wife. She held the Barbie. She appeared to tremble. Friends gathered around, rejoicing, and for that instant the world seemed in perfect order.

Having learned the answer to the first question, people who have never been to a Barbie doll convention might come up with a second: Why? Why would people do these things?

"You have your eccentrics in every group and this group is no exception," said Wilhelmina Herren, a collector from Virginia, who was dressed in a Barbie doll outfit. "What I'm wearing now is Barbie and the Sensations. Later I'm doing Rocker Bride Barbie, which is a new-wave bride outfit." Herren, who is in her 30's, said her mother sews her Barbie outfits. "I

JEANNE MARIE LASKAS is a Pittsburgh-based freelance writer and frequent contributor to the Washington Post Magazine.



## MARKINGS

just show my mom an outfit I like and she finds the fabric. Tomorrow I am going to be Busy Gal Barbie."

Like many of the conventioners, Herren admitted to being a person obsessed. "Barbie becomes more than a hobby," she said. "Much more."

"Barbie is a disease," said Donna Stites, a collector.

"Barbie is like a high," added Paul Mayo, another collector. "One time," he confessed, "I went to Toys 'R Us and spent my whole paycheck on Barbies. Week after week I spend at least half my paycheck at it. And for a short time when I was unemployed, I collected aluminum cans. I mean, I was digging in trash cans. Just so I could buy Barbie. It's just something that I have to do."

"Buying Barbie" is a term, I soon learned, used to describe the act of purchasing anything having to do with the doll. Diehard collectors specialize in eras, looking for all the dolls, clothes, shoes, hats and accessories issued between, say, 1960 and 1965. Super diehards want every

Barbie item ever made. And super-duper diehards want every item N.R.F.B.—Never Removed From Box.

Barbie merchandise is "a better investment than buying stocks and bonds," collector Melinda Hall told me. "Oh, definitely so. Because Barbie is an addiction. Because you have to have it. It's like an obsession, it's like a high, it's like a thrill, it's like maybe somebody who gets in a race car and races, it's like an absolute thrill to find that one special Barbie you've been looking for."

Gene Foote, a collector who owns a mere 400 Barbie dolls—less than half the conventioners' average—said he keeps a display of 30 or so Barbies in his New York apartment. He changes it each season. "At the moment," he said, "I have a little summertime theme called 'Days in the Sun and Nights Under the Stars.' For the spring I did something called 'Hats and Coats.' You know, like an Easter Parade. My next one is probably going to be something about back to school."

Foote isn't sure why people get so fanatical about collecting Barbie dolls, but he does have a theory. He surveyed the crowd, made up mostly of middle-aged



REUTERS DE MANN NEWSPHOTOS

Diehard fans use the term "buying Barbie" to describe their addiction to the doll. When East met West in Berlin last November, one little girl showed it knows no bounds.



**Cranberry Cornucopia**



**Peach Tree**



women. "Look at them," he said. "They don't look like Barbie, do they? *Do they?* It's the unreachable. The unattainable. It's the fantasy of becoming what you can never be."

At an afternoon luncheon, I was seated at table 36 with a cheerful couple from Yakima, Wash., a mother and daughter from California, and a young man who'd spent 32 hours on a bus from British Columbia to get to the convention. "It was gross, but it was worth it," he said. "Isn't this great? Isn't this so fun?"

The daughter told me I should think seriously about saving all of my convention souvenirs—the party-favor Barbies, the booklets, the posters. "You'll be able to sell that stuff next year for more than the admission of the convention," she said. "I'm serious. That's how my mother makes money. By dealing. You know, like drugs."

She leaned closer and confided details about feuds among Barbie clubs, ousted presidents and stolen dolls. This is top-secret information, she whispered, so I'd better keep my mouth shut. And would I like to sell my convention souvenirs? She could give me a fair price.

"I'll have to think about it," I said.

Just then, the luncheon entertainment—a Barbie fashion show—began. More than 40 people walked down the runway as a band called Thee Esthetics played "In the Midnight Hour." The models wore Barbie outfits: "Skipper, Day at the Fair," "Barbie, Jeans-Look Fashion," "Ken, a Cheerful Chef," and others. People clapped, took snapshots and consulted their *Barbie Doll Fashion Anthology and Price Guide* to see how the life-sized fantasy fashions compared with the doll fashions.

The festivities closed with a sing-along. Shyly, the crowd followed the words to "Barbie, My Dreamgirl" in their pink programs:

*She's Barbie, my dreamgirl  
Mona Lisa with a ponytail  
She's a walking, talking work of art  
She's the gal who stole my heart  
They say there's seven wonders  
in the world  
But what they say is out of date  
There's more than seven wonders  
in the world  
And Barbie's number eight.*

The people had become a congregation,

obedient and solemn, and I got to feeling like I was in church. I thought about the fundamental human urge to give praise. Barbie is a heroine, an icon, an investment, a metaphor. Barbie is Divine. Barbie is wonderful! Not because she is blonde. Not because she is buxom. Not because she is made of durable plastic, nor because her feet hold up so well in heels. Barbie is wonderful because Barbie is whatever you need her to be.

When the luncheon was over I headed up to my room, holding on to my Barbie souvenirs ever more tightly, because everybody kept trying to buy them.

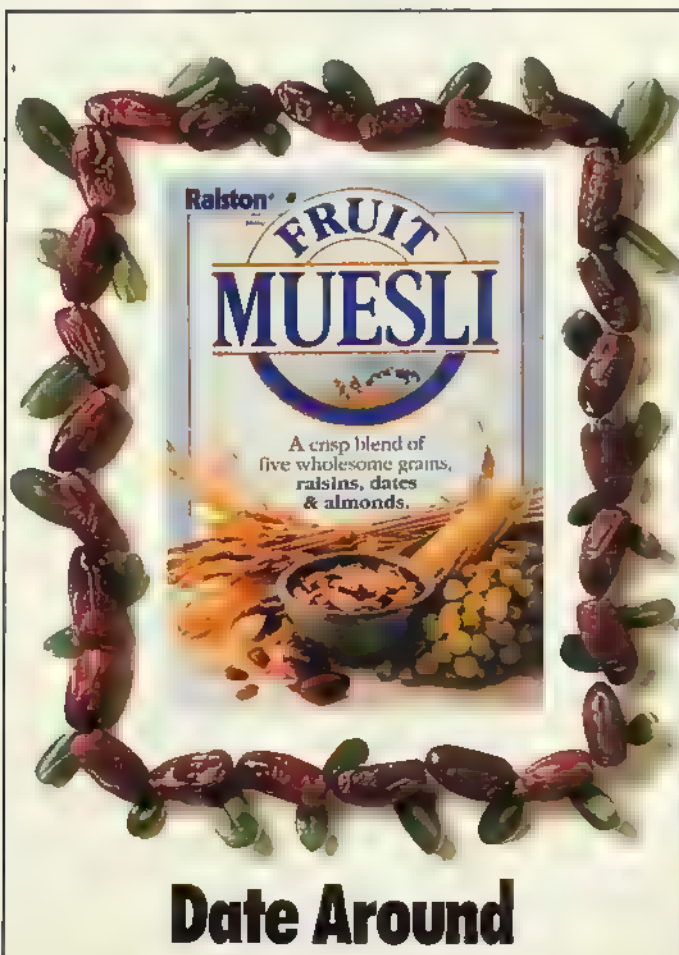
"No!" I finally shouted, clutching my Barbies to my heart.

I put all my Barbie souvenirs in a big pink bag. I took them with me to the airport. I felt honorable, in a rebellious sort of way. I wanted to release my Barbies, emancipate them. I wanted them to scurry off into the wilderness, like the lions in *Born Free*.

And so I did it. I found a little girl who looked bored, waiting to get on a plane. "Here," I said, handing her my bag of Barbies. "Want some toys?"

Toys. Now there's a concept. ■

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# Sports Afield

By Maureen McFadden

## LOOKING MAHHHVELOUS

"I'M HAPPY IN THIS PICTURE, YOU CAN TELL IT," deadpans former middleweight champion Marvelous Marvin Hagler of the photo freezing his victory whoop after his 1981 rematch against Vito Antuofermo, then the titleholder. "I was always happy as hell after a big fight."

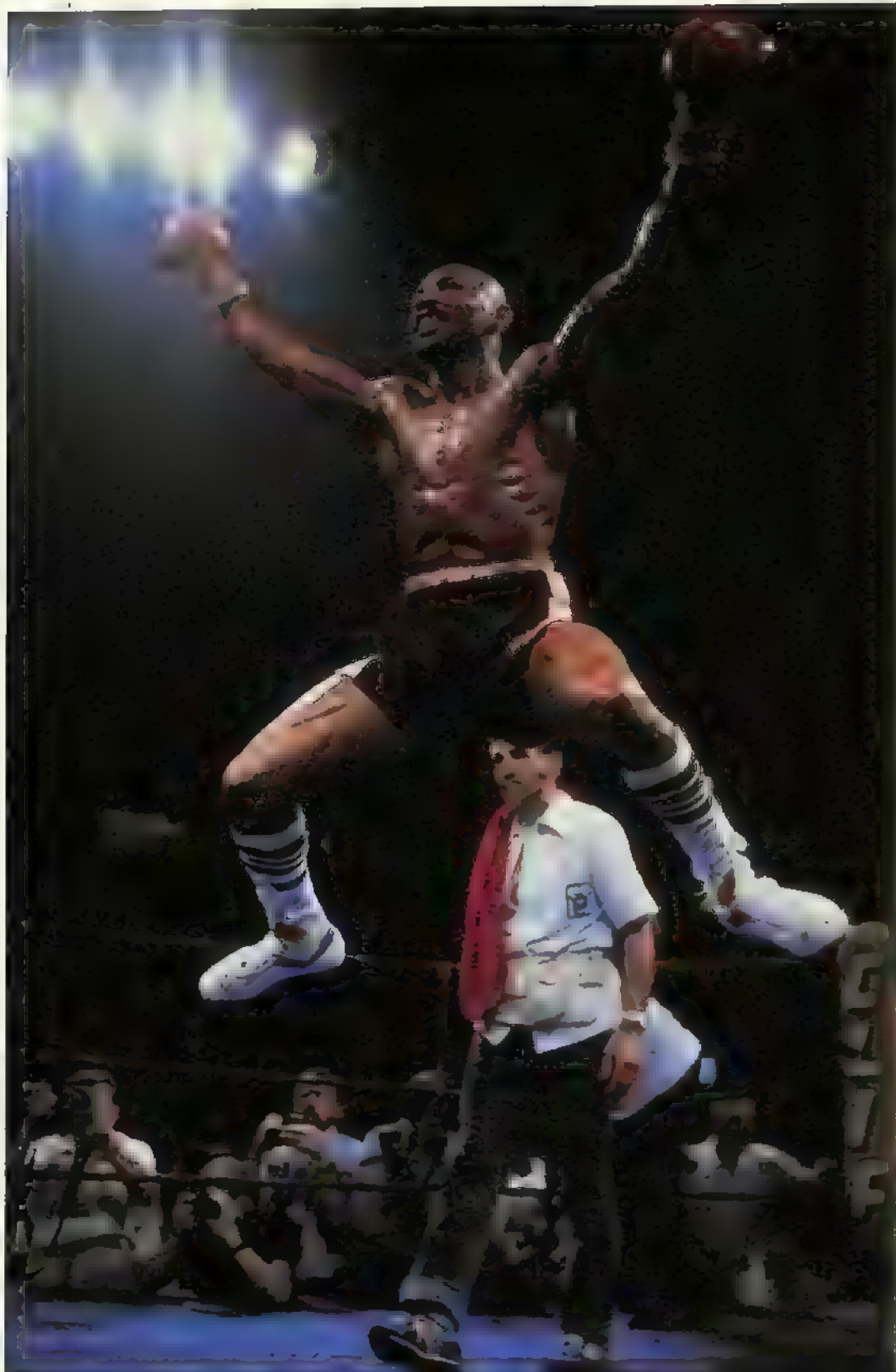
In a title fight two years earlier the pair had battled 15 rounds to a draw, and Antuofermo had retained the championship. Today, Hagler still argues the outcome. "They called it a draw but I won that fight," he says. "I won that fight and I know it."

So when they met again, Hagler was determined to expunge the blemish on his career. Controversy stalked the rematch. First came a disagreement over the type of ointment used by Antuofermo, an easy bleeder. Then, when Hagler exceeded the weight limit, he demanded and got a second weigh-in, this time on rebalanced scales.

The match itself went five bloody rounds. In the first, a cut opened on Antuofermo's forehead when he smashed into Hagler's head. In the third, Hagler knocked Antuofermo to the canvas with a punch to the head. A hard Hagler right in the fourth left the champ visibly shaken, by this time, several more cuts had opened on Antuofermo's face, one near his eyelid. Finally, the referee

ruled a technical knockout and declared Hagler the winner and new champion. "Vito was a real tough guy," Hagler says of his opponent today. "He'd come at you and keep coming."

In 1987 Hagler lost the title to Sugar Ray Leonard. Since then he has moved to Milan, Italy, where he is pursuing an acting career. His first film, *Indio*, was released there last September.



Hagler

COURTESY OF MARVIN HAGLER

JOHN ACONO/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



## FORE SCORE

"MY HEART SANK AFTER I HIT THE SHOT IN THERE," SAYS former golf pro David Graham of the 14th hole at Philadelphia's Merion Golf Club, which he understandably calls "one of the most treacherous in all of golf." Graham claims to have held that opinion even before his ball landed in the weed-covered bunker during the third round of the 1981 U.S. Open, when he trailed the leader by one stroke. "Had I lost my composure," he says today, "I might still be there."

Amazingly, Graham was able to blast out 40 feet to the green and then two-putted for a bogie. Had he not played the shot, he would have been penalized a stroke and his ball placed where the gallery stood. At the moment the photo was taken, "I was still wondering where I hit the ball," Graham remembers. "I was so nervous, I exited the wrong way—through the trees and out onto the fairway."

But he quickly calmed down and went on to win the tournament.

Today Graham thinks the blooper may have been his lucky shot. "It could have been the situation that won the tournament for me. I finished up winning by three strokes."

At 43, Graham now has less time for playing golf. Several years ago he founded Graham/Panks International, a golf course design company based in Scottsdale, Ariz.



Graham

COURTESY OF DAVID GRAHAM

## SPLIT DECISION

IT WAS THE FINAL GAME OF JIM GUENO'S LAST PROFESSIONAL season with the Green Bay Packers, though the linebacker didn't know that at the time. All he was focusing on in that 1980 game against the Detroit Lions was Lion running back Billy Sims, who had just broken loose in front of him. "He cut back across the field and I tackled him," Gueno says today. "It seemed that he kind of fumbled the ball and we both went for it. The Lions retained possession and then scored. But it didn't decide the game, thank God."

Sims, a man of fewer words, remembers that December day this way: "Tough game. We won."

Gueno was cut from the Packers after training camp the next year and is now a salesman for a pharmaceuticals company in New Orleans. Sims, who retired in 1986 after a knee injury, is also a salesman, for a Detroit-based water purification company. Does he ever get the urge to rejoin his old team? "Are you kidding? Have you seen how the Lions have been doing? Makes me real happy to stay away."



Sims

COURTESY OF BILLY SIMS



Gueno

COURTESY OF JIM GUENO



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# The Selma March

By Bruce Dobler

I got off the Greyhound bus in Selma, Ala., on a bright, pleasantly warm Saturday afternoon in March 1965. I was then a 26-year-old railroad conductor and father of two, proud to be among the first of more than 3,000 demonstrators to assemble for a five-day march to the State Capitol building in Montgomery, 54 miles to the east. The march had been called in support of a voting rights act and to pressure local Alabama law enforcement officials to insure the safety of citizens who wanted to register as voters.

I slung my knapsack and sleeping bag over my shoulder and walked to Selma's Negro quarter, as it was then known, an area of dirt roads, no sidewalks, open sewers and half the town's population of 28,000, only 335 of whom were registered to vote.

Martin Luther King Jr.'s voter registration drive had been launched in Selma that January. Within weeks there were ugly, sometimes brutal, police attempts to prevent black Alabamians from registering. On Feb. 18, Alabama State Police at-

tacked marchers outside a Marion, Ala., church. A young man, Jimmie Lee Jackson, was clubbed in the head and shot to death by a trooper. On March 9, protesters in Selma, among them women and children, were tear-gassed and clubbed at the Edmund Pettus Bridge as they tried to march from Selma to Montgomery. More than 80 demonstrators were injured and 17 were hospitalized before the march was aborted. A few days after that confrontation, a white minister, James Reeb of Boston, was attacked by white thugs in Selma. He died two days later.

On March 17 a Federal District Court judge in Montgomery approved a petition from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference to allow a march from Selma to Montgomery. The order specifically barred Gov. George Wallace and other state officials from "harassing or threatening" the marchers. But on that bright Saturday afternoon, as I walked through the black section of Selma with the deaths and the beatings still fresh in mind, a scrap of paper issued by a judge seemed a rather fragile shield.

I was assigned to stay with a black family, Ronald and Sarah Gray and their 10 children. After I put my knapsack down, Mrs. Gray showed me an envelope full of suture thread—two of her children had been beaten in previous demonstrations—a new kind of keepsake. "The movement" was no longer an abstract concept to me; it suddenly became a present and serious danger.

That night we sang songs, heard sermons and listened to the bitter humor of comedian Dick

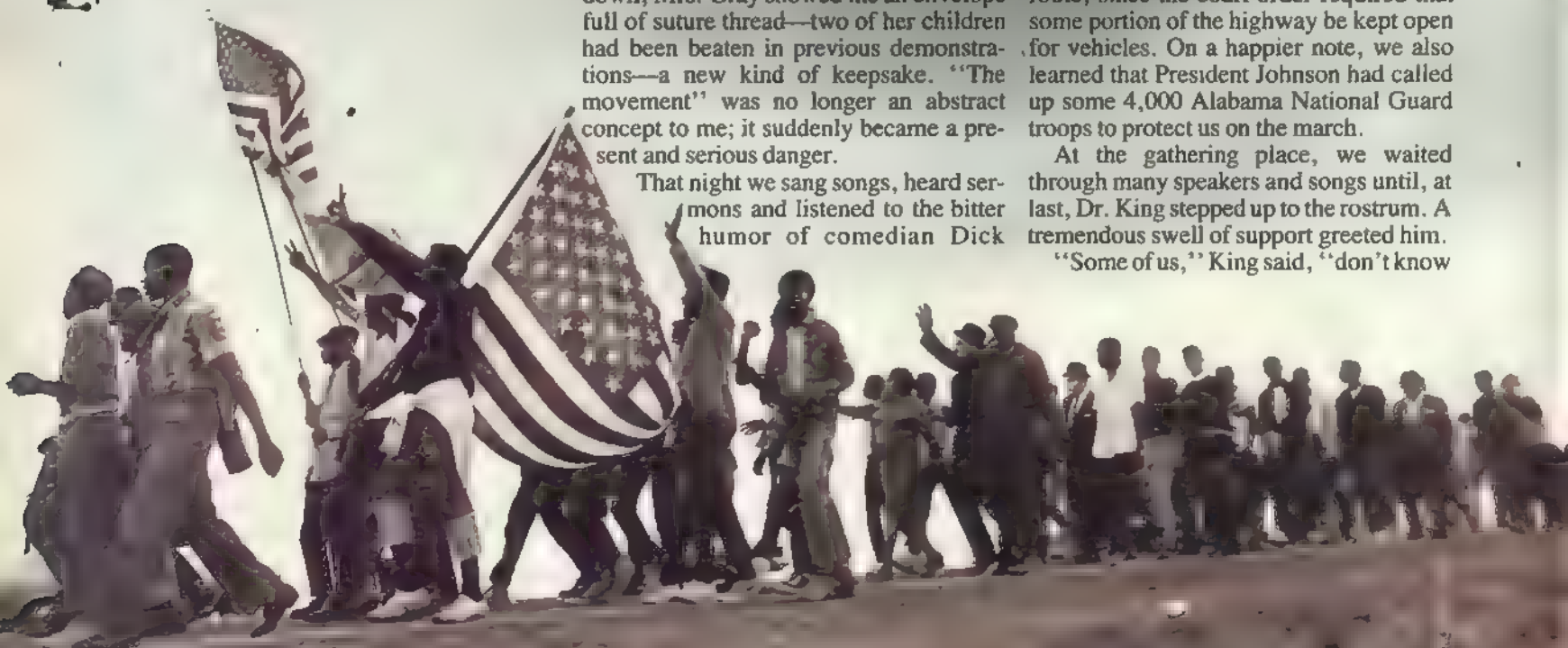
Gregory at a church rally. Then, while a speaker from the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee was telling us what it was like to live in the South, someone handed him a message. "While we have been talking," he said, "a young white boy was slashed across the face not two blocks from here. He was walking by the railroad tracks down by First Baptist, near the edge of the white neighborhood. You other newcomers must be very careful to stay well within the colored section of Selma."

Why had we come? Some, like me, had been watching the movie *Judgment at Nuremberg* on television a week before when the network interrupted the film with a news report showing Selma police beating and tear-gassing demonstrators. Some of us made a connection and decided it was possible to do something about injustice. We had selfish reasons, too. Several people told me that they—like me—had missed the March on Washington in 1963 when Dr. King gave his historic "I have a dream" speech before a crowd of 200,000. We wanted a second chance to be a part of history. Only years later would those of us from northern cities come to recognize that we'd left places notorious for their racism, segregation and police brutality, to solve racial problems in someone else's backyard.

Sunday dawned mild and sunny. I was disappointed to learn that only 300 people would be able to march along the entire route, since the court order required that some portion of the highway be kept open for vehicles. On a happier note, we also learned that President Johnson had called up some 4,000 Alabama National Guard troops to protect us on the march.

At the gathering place, we waited through many speakers and songs until, at last, Dr. King stepped up to the rostrum. A tremendous swell of support greeted him.

"Some of us," King said, "don't know



BRUCE DOBLER teaches writing at the University of Pittsburgh

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Martin Luther King Jr., his wife, Coretta Scott King, and top aide Ralph Abernathy (second from left) led the marchers into Montgomery.

## I R E M E M B E R

that marchers trailed for three or four blocks. Up ahead, they went on for more than a mile.

At a rest stop, Ruth introduced me to a large, cheerful woman wearing bib overalls with an American flag tucked in one pocket. Ruth said the woman had punched one of Sheriff Jim Clark's deputies right in the mouth. The woman laughed and nodded. "Knocked him clean off his feet," she said.

She had waited in line day after day, she explained, trying to register to vote, and each day the deputies had gotten more abusive, coming down the line, shoving and pushing. Finally she'd had enough. "I figured I been pushed about one too many times as it was, so when

this man put his hands on me I just out and whopped him. And when he come back I jus' piled in on him and whopped him a few more." She demonstrated. "Took four of them boys to get me in jail."

The woman looked around at her small audience and smiled. "But I promised to be *non-vi-lent* today." We all laughed with her.

Seven miles farther down the road the march turned off into a farmer's field where volunteers had set up tents. A fleet of buses, cars and trucks waited to bring back to Selma those of us who would rejoin the group for the final march into Montgomery.

On Tuesday, the third day of the march, some of us drove in the rain to an athletic field outside Montgomery to help set up circus tents for a rally. We spread hay in the muddy field, trying to soak up some of the water. Someone handed me a sledgehammer, and I found myself pounding a tent stake with Michael Landon, the actor who played Little Joe on TV's *Bonanza*.

On Wednesday night, the number of marchers began to swell. People of all ages and professions—clergy of every faith, doctors, union workers and college students—swarmed into the field in preparation for the next day's events. Speeches that night alternated with performances by Harry Belafonte, Dick Gregory, Sammy Davis Jr. and Peter, Paul and Mary.

The final day, Thursday, 25,000 of us marched the last three and a half miles into Montgomery. We reached the foot of the Capitol steps shortly after noon. Though two men had died and scores were injured in the Selma campaigns, the city, Dr.

King said, "has become a shining moment in the conscience of man. The confrontation of good and evil compressed in the tiny community of Selma generated the massive power that turned the whole nation to a new course."

"We are on the move now," Dr. King assured us. "The burning of our churches will not deter us. We are on the move now. The bombing of our homes will not dissuade us. We are on the move now. The beating and killing of our clergymen and young people will not divert us. We are on the move now. Like an idea whose time has come, not even the marching of mighty armies can halt us. We are moving to the land of freedom."

A resounding cheer went up from the crowd. It must have been easily audible in the Governor's office 75 yards away, although he did not come outside to accept the equal rights petition the marchers wanted to deliver. After a wait, the march leaders were admitted to the lobby of the Capitol building, but they decided against leaving the petition with the Governor's executive secretary. "Please advise the Governor that as citizens of this state we have legitimate grievances to present to him," said the Rev. Joseph E. Lowery, chairman of the delegation. "We will return at another time."

That evening, a white woman was rumored missing. It was soon confirmed. Viola Gregg Liuzzo, a Detroit mother of five, had been forced off the road in Lowndes County and shot to death.

You could feel the sadness fall over the community like a slow, seeping rain. Later that night came new reports of violence: Another white woman had nearly been run off the road, and the Klan had fired a rifle bullet into a house in the black section of town.

The next day, President Johnson looked grim on television. He denounced the killing of Mrs. Liuzzo. Four Klansmen, he said, had already been arrested. Johnson then called the Ku Klux Klan "a hooded society of bigots." We cheered and heard echoes from other nearby windows, a cheer that resounded in the streets of black Selma and, I wanted to think, across the nation as well.

On Aug. 6, 1965, the National Voting Rights Act was passed. With terrible irony nine days later, Watts, a black Los Angeles ghetto, exploded in rioting, arson and looting. In light of other tragedies over the next few years, Selma was to look easy. But it had been necessary. And it had worked. ■

how to make our nouns and verbs agree. But thank God we have our bodies, our feet and our souls." This got a big cheer. "Walk together, children, and don't you get weary," he called out. More cheering. "And it will lead us to the promised land. And Alabama will be a new Alabama, and America will be a new America."

There was some confusion and milling about at the start as 3,200 people tried to line up in eight columns. Parade marshals with armbands ran back and forth, nagging and pushing until they got us moving, heading down a street into the white section of town. We all held hands.

A black teen-ager walking beside me back in the ranks squeezed my left hand tightly. "I almost don't want to see that bridge again," she said. Her name was Ruth, and she had been beaten both times she had tried to cross the bridge in two earlier marches. She had trouble believing that the sheriff would be there to protect her this time.

"I just hope the man who gave me them four stitches got the word," Ruth added, tilting her head, showing me the fresh scar below her cheekbone.

Up ahead I could see the shopping district and the crowds. State troopers and some sheriff's deputies were scattered along the route—hefty, dour-looking men with fat cigars and silver sunglasses. Passengers holding signs that read "WHITE SCUM, NIGGERS AND NIGGER-LOVERS GO HOME" cruised slowly past us in cars gaudy with other painted epithets.

Ruth held tighter to my hand as the Edmund Pettus Bridge came into view. As we crossed it, I looked behind us and saw



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# If Truth Be Told

By William K. Coolrick

**A**s every schoolchild is reminded on Washington's Birthday, young George chopped down the cherry tree, and he hurled a silver dollar across the Rappahannock River. Or was it the Potomac?

The stories, complete with dialogue, originated with Mason Locke Weems (who wrote as Parson Weems), one of Washington's early biographers. He said that one day, while young Washington was living at Ferry Farm, across the river from Fredericksburg, Va., he inquired of his father, "Pa, do I ever tell lies?" Pa responded by saying, "No, George, I thank God you do not, my son; and I rejoice in the hope you never will. . . ."

Shortly after this exchange occurred, George "was made the wealthy master of a hatchet," wrote Weems. The young Washington was so proud of the hatchet that he went about chopping down everything. In the garden one day, he came upon a beautiful young English cherry tree and promptly hacked it to the ground.

Pa happened upon the tree the next morning and was dismayed. When the boy appeared, hatchet in hand, his father said to him, "George, do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree yonder in the garden?"

The parson reported that George staggered under the question, but he recovered himself and manfully replied, "I can't tell a lie, Pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet."

The story tarnished over the years, so much so that the biographer (and later Senator) Henry Cabot Lodge called it a "wretched fable." He excoriated Weems as "simply a man destitute of historical sense, training or morals, ready to take the slenderest fact and work it up for purposes of the market."

Nowadays that may seem like a harsh judgment on a preacher who was only out to make a fast buck. But the verdict was

later confirmed, in more measured tones, by other historians and biographers of Washington. One of them, Wayne Whipple, explained the event in entrepreneurial terms. "Parson Weems was more fond of a good story than of the strict truth," Whipple wrote. "Having a large family to support, he left off preaching and became a book peddler."

When I was a boy growing up in Fredericksburg many years ago, the story was



Parson Weems (above right): "A man destitute of historical sense, training or morals."

accepted as gospel. I remember that my shock at learning the tale had been invented rivaled what I felt upon learning certain facts about Santa Claus.

The story of Washington's prowess with a silver dollar also originated with Weems: "Col. Lewis Willis, [Washington's] playmate and kinsman, has been heard to say that he has often seen him throw a stone across the Rappahannock, at the lower ferry of Fredericksburg." There was no mention of silver dollars.

Over time, the story was repeated in biographies by Edward Everett and by Washington Irving; in their accounts, as in Weems's, it was a stone that Washington hurled across the river. Later the missile became a silver dollar. The river had to be the Rappahannock; Washington would have needed a howitzer to propel a silver

dollar, or anything else, across the Potomac at his home in Mount Vernon.

Nevertheless, this story too, in its inflated, silver-dollar version, was given great credence when I was growing up. In fact, in 1936, on the 204th anniversary of Washington's birth, Walter Johnson, the great baseball pitcher and former manager of the Washington Senators, was invited to try to duplicate Washington's feat.

The event stirred great excitement in Fredericksburg and elsewhere. CBS decided to broadcast it on 90 radio stations. Representative Sol Bloom of New York offered odds of 20 to 1 that Johnson could not match Washington's feat. Dizzy Dean, the St. Louis Cardinals pitcher, said he had never heard of the Rappahannock, but he was sure he too could throw a silver dollar across it.

I stood about six feet from Johnson when he made the attempt. At that point, he was a larger hero in my life than George Washington. The day was wintry, but he took off his coat and performed in his shirtsleeves. He was allowed three tries at hurling a dollar across the river, two for practice and one for the record.

I can see him now, raring back and throwing with that big, easy sidearm motion. The first attempt splashed in the water short of the mark, but the second landed on the opposite bank. Johnson was now ready for the one that counted. The local newspaper reported the effort in a style worthy of the occasion. "The hurler

drew back his famous right arm and with a powerful heave let fly a silver dollar that sailed high into the air, spanned the 273-foot stream and plunked on the opposite bank, where it was pounced upon by a section of the crowd of some 2,000 people who had massed in the grounds of the Standard Oil Co. plant."

A cheer went up, and it seemed to me that something wonderful had happened. There were people in the crowd, however, who wondered why Johnson had missed on the first throw, while George Washington had needed only one attempt. Fortunately there were wags among us with a ready answer: A dollar went farther in Washington's day.

WILLIAM K. COOLRICK is a former editor at Time-Life Books.

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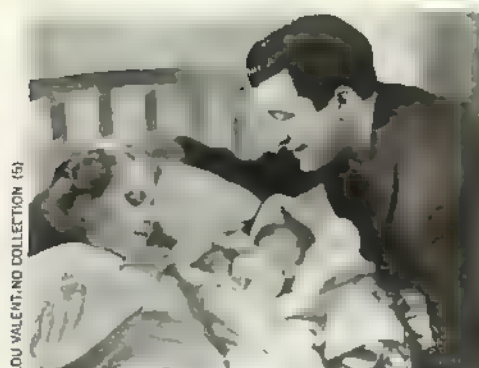
# Sweater Girl

By Lou Valentino



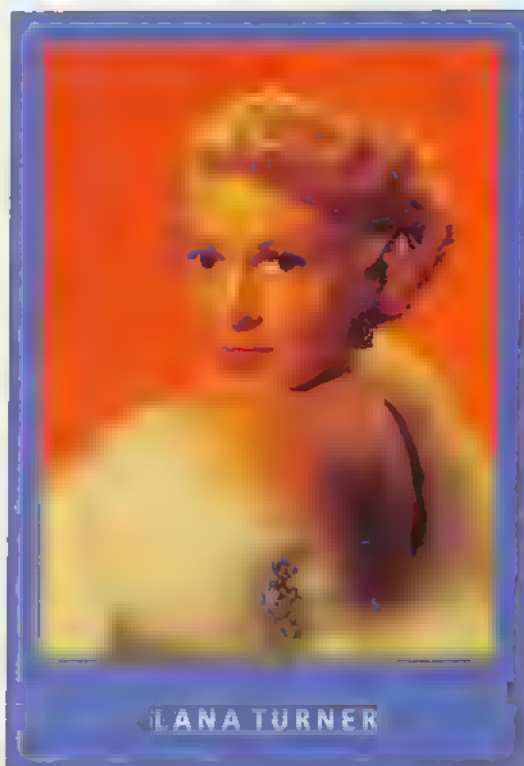
PHOTOFEST

**THEY WON'T FORGET (1937)** with Linda Perry. The film that launched Lana Turner's career. Her costume was a tight sweater and skirt and spiked heels. Later she said, "It took me years of hard work to overcome that sweater-girl label."



LOU VALENTINO COLLECTION (5)

**WE WHO ARE YOUNG (1940)** with John Shelton. This was M-G-M's valiant effort to cast their 19-year-old sweater girl in a serious role, but wolf-whistles still greeted her appearance. Even a gingham housedress failed to hide her obvious charms.



LANA TURNER

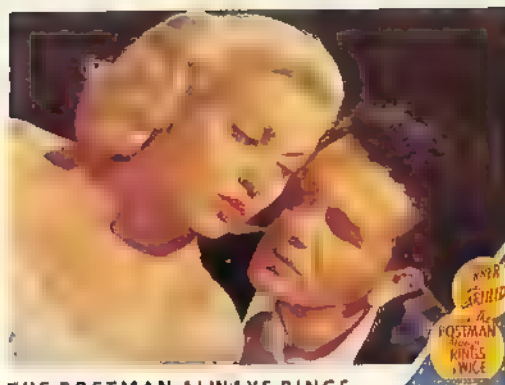


**HONKY TONK (1941)** with Clark Gable. The first of many box-office winners for "the team that generates steam." Turner insists that their off-screen relationship was purely platonic.

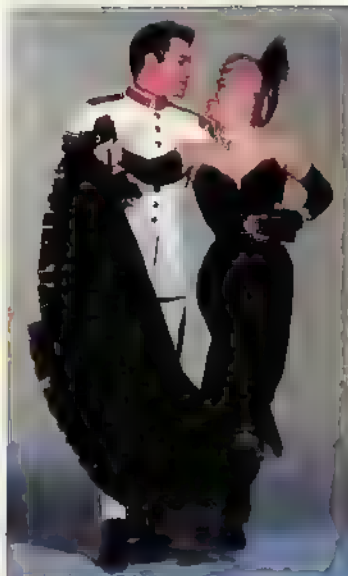
**DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (1941)** with Spencer Tracy and Ingrid Bergman. The two actresses switched roles in this controversial film, leaving Bergman to play a prostitute and Turner as Tracy's innocent fiancée.



**SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU (1942)**, behind the scenes with young co-stars. Another Gable match-up, with the two playing love-crossed reporters. Gable's wife, actress Carole Lombard, was killed in a plane crash during the filming, halting production for four weeks.



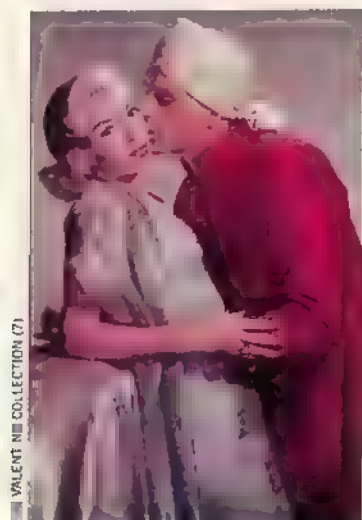
**THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE** (1946) with John Garfield. Turner's best-known film and her finest performance. The co-stars were a study in contrasts, Turner pale and sensuous, Garfield dark and brooding. Even with the script altered to meet the Production Code, the love scenes sizzled.



**THE MERRY WIDOW** (1952) with Fernando Lamas. The start of an off-camera romance between the two stars. After their breakup, M-G-M was forced to cancel several projects in which Turner and Lamas were cast as lovers.



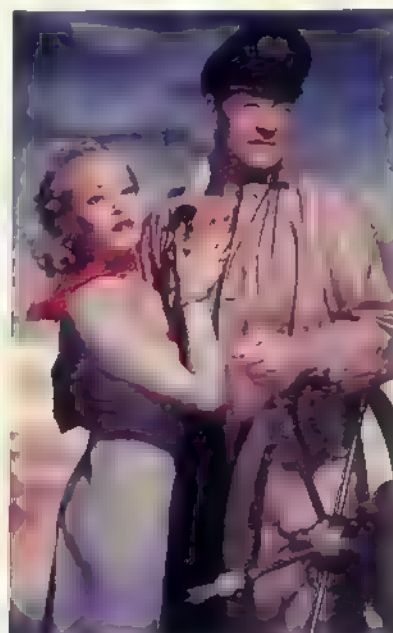
**THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL** (1953) with producer John Houseman, co-star Kirk Douglas and director Vincente Minnelli. This film about Hollywood won five Oscars. Turner said her role—that of a glamorous star—was tailor made. "The sets were the very sound stages where I had spent so much of my life," she said



**THE RAINS OF RANCHIPUR** (1955) with Richard Burton. "We were supposed to be madly in love, but Burton had a bloated self image," Turner later said. "The rest of us joked about his ego. Someone advised wardrobe to make bigger turbans."



**THE PRODIGAL** (1955). A Bible epic, this film failed miserably. Turner's costumes created such a ruckus that some theater owners insisted that the posters be retouched.



**THE SEA CHASE** (1955) with John Wayne. Wayne a German sea captain and Turner a Nazi spy? Moviegoers loved it. Wayne's production company had to pay M-G-M \$300,000 to borrow Turner.



**IMITATION OF LIFE** (1959) with Sandra Dee. The film revitalized Turner's career after the shooting of her boyfriend, Johnny Stompanato, by her teen-age daughter. Fans were shocked by the real-life parallel in the film.

**MADAME X** (1966) with John Forsythe. This saga of mother love required Turner to age 25 years. "When the makeup man finished with me I was afraid to look," she said. "When I did leave the set I hid my face in a scarf." Today the film is one of Turner's favorites.





FEBRUARY AND MARCH

# 1940

50 YEARS AGO

## PARTY LINE

**March 13** *Das Schwarze Korps* (the Black Guard), the official organ of Nazi Germany's elite, black-shirted S.S. guards, says the English are "white Jews" and English Protestantism merely a modern version of "the old Jewish law book."

## NAMESAKE

**March 16** In Nazi-occupied Poland a 70-year-old Jewish man applies for an exit visa so he can return to his native Latvia. The name of the would-be emigrant: Adolf Hitler.

## CURE

**Feb. 16** The *British Medical Journal* announces that four hopelessly deranged men were treated with injections of male sex hormones. After two weeks they left the hospital and went back to work "self-confident," "cheerful" and "intensely social." The basis of the "cure" is not entirely clear.

## WAR POLICY

**Feb. 14** The Republican Party announces its platform for the fall Presidential election. Its war policy: "Americans should support every effort to keep the United States out of war. We are still suffering the after-effects of our involvement in the World War. We entered the World War in 1917 with our domestic affairs in good condition. This is not the situation today! Our domestic affairs are far from a state of health. It is important that the United States stand, at the end of the war, as an economically stable, self-governing democracy, equipped to operate effectively in reconstruction of the postwar economy."



## LOVER

**March 11** J. Edgar Hoover, responding to curiosity about his love life, joked, "Communists . . . have instructed two of their best writers to portray me as a Broadway glamor boy and in particular to inquire into my affairs with women in New York

City." Hoover is a confirmed bachelor. Walter Winchell reports, "The only girl he really adores and sends gifts to is a famous movie star who makes more in a fortnight than he does in a year. . . . Her initials are S. T." Shirley Temple.



PICTORIAL PARADE

## Turmoil

**Feb. 15** Hitler declares that British merchant ships, newly armed, will be considered warships . . . **Feb. 21** Germans begin construction of Auschwitz concentration camp . . . **March 7** World's largest ocean liner, the Queen Elizabeth, makes her first Atlantic crossing; will remain in New York



Harbor for war's duration . . . **March 10** Meat rationing begins in England . . . **March 13** Finland surrenders in war with U.S.S.R., agrees to cede territory and remove most submarines and ships from Arctic Ocean.

## Arts News

**Feb. 2** Philip Nowlan, creator of *Buck Rogers* comic strip, dies of stroke at 52 . . . **March 11** Carnegie Hall opens season with Arthur Rubinstein recital . . . **March 14** Ronald Reagan wins role as "the Gipper" in *Knute Rockne—All-American*.

## At the Movies

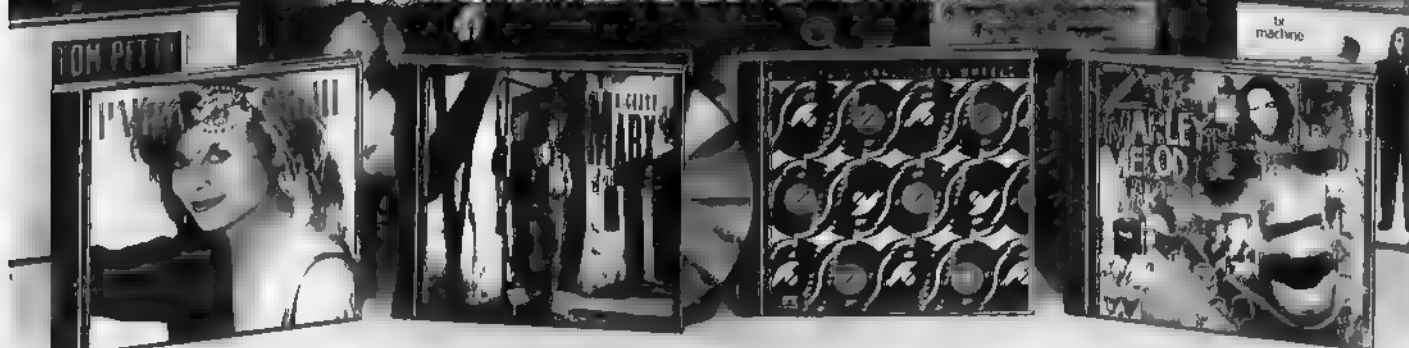
This has been an extraordinary two months. Recent openings include: Alfred Hitchcock's *Rebecca*, with Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine, "an altogether brilliant film, haunting, suspenseful, handsome and handsomely played"; and *Of Mice and Men*, with Burgess Meredith, Lon Chaney Jr. and Betty Field, a "strangely dramatic and compassionate tale." Also playing: *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, starring Raymond Massey and Ruth Gordon; and *Northwest Passage*, with Spencer Tracy.

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(MCA) 388-173  
**Joe Satriani**—Surfing  
With The Alien (Relativity)  
387-989

**George Clinton**—The  
Cinderella Theory  
(Paisley Park) 387-134

**Eddie & The Cruisers II**—  
Origins Soundtrack  
(Scol Brothers) 388-613

**Paul Shaffer**—Coast To  
Coast (Capitol) 386-278

**Babyface**—Tender Love  
(Epic) 386-177

**Rippingtons**—Tourist in  
Paradise (GRP) 385-658

**Adrian Belew**—Mr. Music  
Head (Atlantic) 384-887

**David Benoit**—Urban Day  
Dreams (GRP) 384-828

**Sony Jazz Collection**—  
Various Artists (Columbia)  
386-169

**Steve Stevens Atomic  
Playboys** (Warner Bros.)  
386-068

**Bee Gees**—One  
(Warner Bros.) 386-060

**Bryan Ferry / Roxy Music**—  
Street Life (Reprise)  
384-230

**Anderson, Bruford,  
Wakeman, Howe** (Arista)  
384-115

**Dr. John**—In A  
Sentimental Mood  
(Warner Bros.) 384-040

**Diana Ross**—Working  
Overtime (Motown)  
383-984

**Tin Machine** (EMI America)  
383-976

**Diane Schuur**—Collection  
(GRP) 383-919

**Pat Metheny Group**—  
Letter From Home (Geffen)  
383-901

**Cher**—Heart Of Stone  
(Geffen) 383-893

**Soul II Soul**—Keep On  
Movin' (Virgin) 386-037

**The Jefferson Airplane**  
(Epic) 385-908

**Marla McKee** (Geffen)  
383-844

**Lloyd Cole & The  
Communions**—1984-1989  
(Capitol) 383-778

**Spyro Gyra**—Point Of  
View (MCA) 383-737

**Ghostbusters II**—Original  
Soundtrack (MCA) 383-711

**Queen**—The Miracle  
(Capitol) 383-547

**Grover Washington, Jr.**—  
Time Out Of Mind  
(Columbia) 383-639

**Jean Luc Ponty**—In The  
Fast Lane (Columbia)  
383-521

**Boris Grebenchikov**—  
Radio Silence (Columbia)  
383-613

**Squeeze**—Singles—45s  
And Under (A&M) 317-974

**Pete Townshend**—The  
Iron Man (Atlantic) 385-724

**Batman**—Original  
Soundtrack (Warner Bros.)  
383-885

**Jean-Pierre Rampal**—  
C.P.E. Bach 5 F. J. A.  
Concertos (CBS Master)  
383-358/393-355

**Vladimir Feltsman**—  
Rachmaninoff Piano  
Concerto No. 3 Rhapsody  
On Theme Of Paganini  
Zubin Mehta, Israel Phil.  
(CBS Master) 383-315

**Roger Norrington**—  
Berlioz: Symphonie  
Fantastique Op. 14—  
London Classical Players  
(Angel) 382-747

**10,000 Maniacs**—Blind  
Man's Zoo (Elektra)  
382-077

**L.L. Cool J**—Walking With  
A Panther  
(Del Jam / Columbia)  
381-988

**Beastie Boys**—P.S.S.  
Boutique (Capitol) 383-786

**Tom Petty**—Full Moon  
Fever (MCA) 382-184

**The Dirty Dozen Band**—  
Voodoo (Columbia)  
381-982

**The Neville Brothers**—  
Yellow Moon (A&M)  
381-888

**Branford Marsalis**—Trio  
Jeep (Columbia) 381-630

**The Cult**—Some Temple  
(Sire/Reprise) 381-788

**Todd Rundgren**—Nearly  
Human (Warner Bros.)  
381-780

**Miles Davis**—Amandia  
(Warner Bros.) 381-758

**Joe Jackson**—Blaze Of  
Glory (A&M) 381-699

**Indigo Girls** (Epic) 381-269

**Stevie Nicks**—The Other  
Side Of The Mirror  
(Modern) 381-103

**Aerosmith**—Greatest Hits  
(Columbia) 386-226

**The Chick Corea  
Akoustic Band** (GRP)  
379-881

**Steve Reich**—Different  
Trains Kronos Quartet /  
Electric Counterpoint - Pat  
Metheny (Nonesuch)  
380-071

**Portrait Of Yo-Yo Ma**  
(CBS Master) 379-941

**Canadian Brass**—The  
Gabriel Album  
(CBS Masterworks)  
379-933

**Enya**—Watermark (Geffen)  
379-926

**Tone-Loc**—Loced After  
Dark (Delicious Vinyl)  
379-875

**Madonna**—Like A Prayer  
(Sire) 379-594

**Enrico Caruso**—Opera  
Arias and Songs Milan  
1902-1904 (Angel) 379-255

**Martika** (Columbia)  
379-148

**Skid Row** (Atlantic)  
379-602

**Kiri Te Kanawa**—Verdi &  
Puccini Arias (CBS Master)  
343-269

**Simply Red**—A New  
Flame (Elektra) 378-943

**Dave Grusin Collection**  
(GRP) 378-398

**Cyndi Lauper**—A Night To  
Remember (Epic) 377-887

**Gipsy Kings** (Elektra)  
377-812

**Debbie Gibson**—Electric  
Youth (Atlantic) 377-275

**Guns N' Roses**—GN R  
Lies (Geffen) 378-087

**Journey's Greatest  
Hits** (Columbia) 375-279

**R.E.M.**—Green  
(Warner Bros.) 375-162

**38 Special**—Rock & Roll  
Strategy (A&M) 375-139

**The Travelling Wilburys**—  
Volume One (Wildbury)  
375-089

**U2**—Rattle And Hum  
(Island) 374-017

**Portrait Of Wynton  
Marsalis** (CBS Master)  
373-555

**Luciano Pavarotti**—  
Pavarotti In Concert  
(CBS Master) 373-548

**Living Colour**—Vivid  
(Epic) 370-833

**The Police**—Every Breath  
You Take... The Singles  
(A&M) 348-316

**Foreigner**—Records  
(Atlantic) 318-055



**Placido Domingo**—The  
Unknown Puccini  
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*Animators on the frontier of a new art form created a monument to craftsmanship and quality in America. It was a magic moment.*

# Once Upon a

By John Canemaker

**P**inocchio is Walt Disney's masterpiece, a grand fantasy stretching the visual and emotional limits of the animated cartoon. It's probably safe to say that none of the feature-length films that emerged from the studios of Walt Disney from the late 30's to the early 50's lacks admirers. After all, the list includes such classics as *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* (1937), *Fantasia* (1940), *Dumbo* (1941), *Bambi* (1942), *Song of the South* (1946) and *Cinderella* (1950). But many of the Disney animators themselves feel it was in *Pinocchio* (1940), the story of the wooden puppet who turns into a real boy, that the zenith of the art was reached.

Three years in the making, *Pinocchio* opened on Feb. 7, 1940, at New York's Center Theatre to ecstatic reviews. *The New York Times* said the then hugely expensive film "is the best thing Mr. Disney has ever done, and therefore the best cartoon ever made." Critic Archer Winsten, who had been unimpressed by earlier Disney efforts, called the film "fantastically delightful, absolutely perfect and a work of pure, unadulterated genius."

Disney agreed. *Pinocchio*, he wrote in a March 1941 article for *American Cinematographer*, "might have lacked *Snow White*'s heart appeal, but technically and artistically it was superior. It indicated that we had grown considerably as craftsmen." The driven and demanding Disney, who was just 36 years old when production began, oversaw every detail of the film. He pushed, pulled and inspired the

JOHN CANEMAKER created animation for the Academy Award-winning documentary *You Don't Have to Die*. He is Director of Animation at New York University's Tisch School of the Arts.



best from his diverse and mostly young staff. "Walt was full of ideas and energy," recalls Frank Thomas, one of *Pinocchio*'s animation directors. "Just sparkling all the time."

Thomas, who was with Disney for more than 40 years, remembers the *Pinocchio* period as a time of "great excitement. We felt we were on the frontier of something new, a new art form. Discoveries were being made every day. Impossible things were accomplished in the rooms next door or down the hall. We all wanted to create great things in our own rooms."

Taking advantage of Depression unemployment, Disney had built his studio with out-of-work architects, art directors, book illustrators, oil painters, watercolorists and cartoonists. (At the time of *Pinocchio*, he employed 1,200 people.) Newcomers were sent to animation school on the studio lot—"It wasn't mandatory," a gradu-

ate once recalled, "but you'd better go!"—where films from Chaplin to German Expressionism were analyzed frame by frame. The fledgling animators sketched models and learned their trade as apprentices to master artists. Architect Frank Lloyd Wright and writer Alexander Woolcott were among those who gave guest lectures on color, composition, staging and humor. The studio resembled a modern version of a medieval craft hall. "Everybody was studying constantly," recalls veteran animator Marc Davis. "Every day was an excitement."

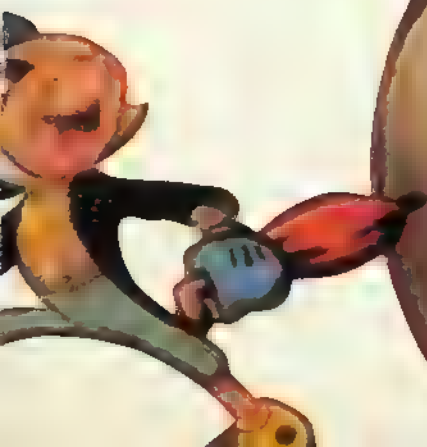
The *Pinocchio* production crew included 10 art directors, five sequence directors, two supervising directors, six character designers and 22 animators. Working at first with sketches and suggestions from the character design department, about a dozen story men began the difficult task of

# Star



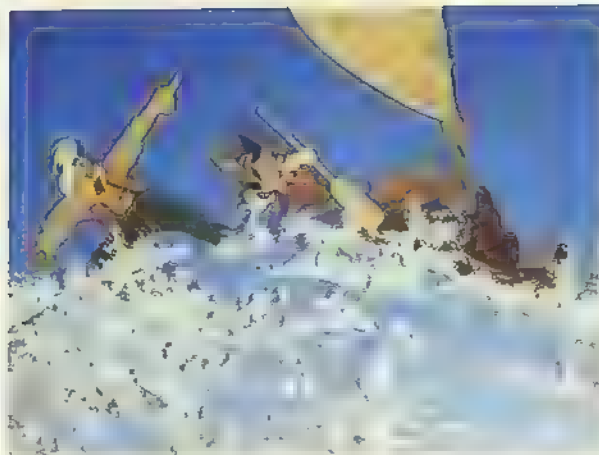
©THE WALT DISNEY COMPANY (7)

*Disney oversaw every detail of the production—time and money were no object. Only quality counted.*





*Use of the Disney-developed multiplane camera (below) permitted ingenious camera movement similar to the dolly shots of live movie production.*

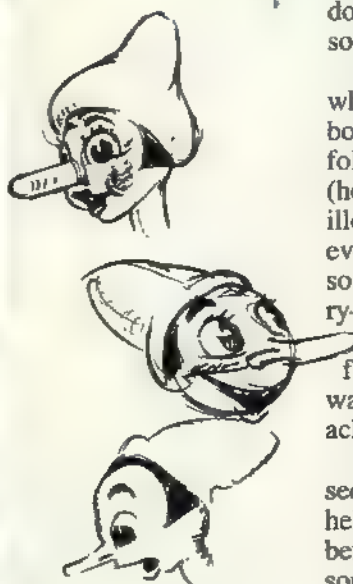


COURTESY OF CHRISTIE'S EAST/THE WALT DISNEY COMPANY

adapting the rambling story, written by the Italian author Carlo Collodi and first published in 1883. Story continuity sketches (more than 75,000 over the three years of production), pinned to large corkboards like sequential comic strips, were endlessly debated and often discarded. "Walt was at the peak of his powers," says Ollie Johnston, who animated the crucial scene where Pinocchio first comes to life. "He was always able to get to the heart of the entertainment in the story. He was so thorough and complete in his judgments. He often told the story guys to 'forget logic, don't be tied down by it. We're making something we think will be believable.'"

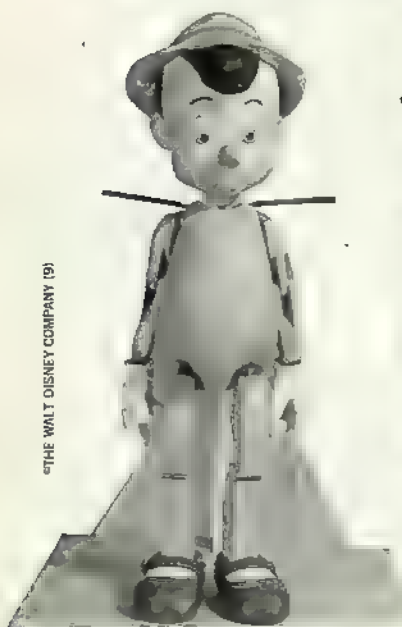
For example, there is a long sequence in which Pinocchio wanders around at the bottom of the sea looking for his father, followed by a scene in which he drowns (he is later brought back to life). "It's so illogical," says Johnston, "but no one ever questions it because Walt made it all so entertaining." (In fact, water wizardry—from believable teardrops and bubbling underwater conversations to foam, splashes and monumental achievements of the film.)

Dialogue and songs from storyboard sequences—used to advance the plot and help define the characters—were recorded before animation began. The opening song, "When You Wish Upon a Star," sets the mood of the film and introduces Jiminy Cricket, who sings it. It is then used as a motif in every sequence where magic (and Jiminy) appears.



*Disney ordered many Pinocchio makeovers.*

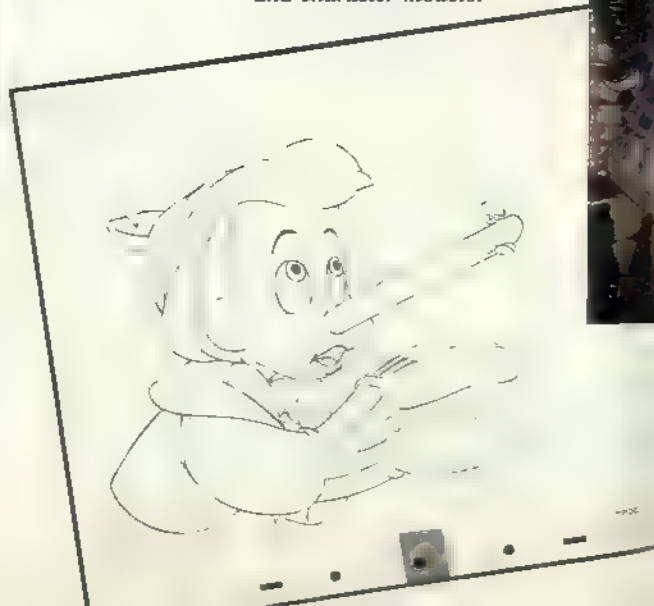
*Some 500,000 drawings appeared on screen, not including thousands of sketches, stage settings and character models.*



©THE WALT DISNEY COMPANY (9)



*Bill Tytla went back to the drawing board to reanimate the villainous Stromboli after Disney judged his initial attempt inadequate.*



Disney assigned characters and scenes to animators according to their specialties. The late Bill Tytla, arguably Disney's greatest animator, specialized in larger-than-life personalities. He was the "actor with a pencil" behind the villainous puppeteer Stromboli, who threatens to chop Pinocchio up for firewood.

Tytla once recalled giving his all to a *Pinocchio* sequence. "Finally, the time came for Walt to see it. He said, 'That was a helluva scene, and if someone else had animated it, I would have passed it. But'—and there was always that cruel 'but' in there—I expected something different from Bill.' Well, he sunk a ship with that remark. It took a couple of weeks before I could work again. I was crushed." Eventually, Tytla took the re-animated sequence to Disney. "Great!" said Disney. "Just what I was expecting." He never explained what had been wrong with it the first time. "It was as if by some magical way you would know," said Tytla.

Animator Ward Kimball invested Jiminy Cricket, Pinocchio's lively conscience, with freshness and charm, though Kimball remained dissatisfied with his creation. "How do you make a cricket endearing and cute?" he asks. "There's no way."

Animating Pinocchio was an especially tricky assignment. "The big challenge," says Thomas, "was to keep him wooden and not human. He couldn't move like he had skin or bones or muscles. He had to have a certain, well, wooden quality, and

this was difficult. Since the essence of animation is movement and the basis of Disney animation is an illusion of life involving 'stretch and squash'—the give and take in the structure of living things—it was a real problem."

In fact, Disney threw out six months of extensive animation and ordered a Pinocchio makeover. ("Walt said he needed more appeal," says Ollie Johnston.) He also halted production on the underwater sequence until the story was developed to his satisfaction. "The cost of the delays and starting over from scratch didn't matter to Walt," says Johnston. "He'd go to any length to get quality on the screen."

Many intricate scenes—such as morning in Pinocchio's village, seen from church steeple to cottage doorsteps—involved use of the newly invented multi-plane camera, which photographs six levels of oil paintings on glass to add an illusion of depth to cartoon settings. The cost for a single scene was sometimes as high as \$45,000 and forced even Disney to vow a short-lived "never again."

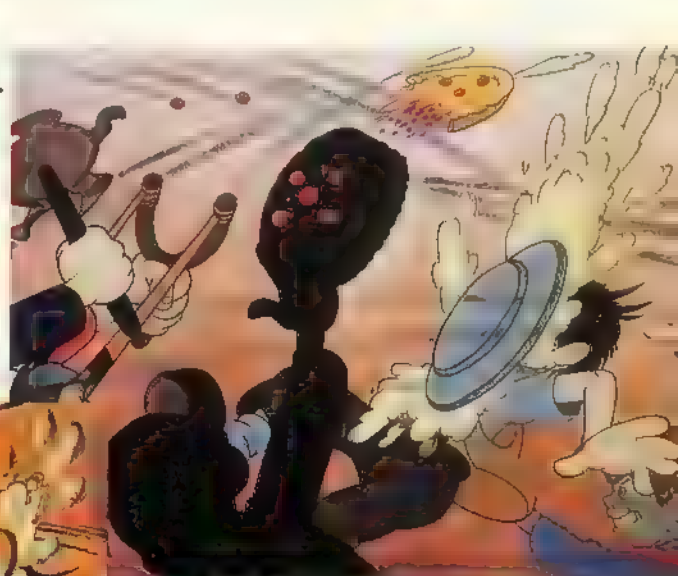
Though full of spectacle, humor and magic, *Pinocchio* also embodies Disney's darkest vision, in which disobedient children suffer severe consequences, including kidnapping, separation from parents, and psychological and physical abuse at the hands (and paws) of various monsters. Most chilling of all is the transformation of Pinocchio's wiseguy pal, Lampwick, into a braying donkey. ("Ma-maaaaa!") Imaginative staging—the final metamorphosis is seen in shadow—and subtle ac-

tion (by animators Fred Moore and Milt Kahl) reveal a doomed young man's mental state as it changes from disbelief and denial to anger and panic.

Some critics saw autobiographical elements in Disney's version of the puppet who rescues his toymaker father from a monster whale. "One suspects," wrote film critic Richard Shickel, "the dream of winning the neglectful father's approval by a heroic act . . . must have occurred to Disney at some point in his unhappy youth."

Despite its glowing reviews, *Pinocchio* (which cost \$2.6 million to make) did not show a profit in its initial release. (Since that time, Disney Studios estimates, it has earned a total of \$200 million at the box office.) The war in Europe cut off half of the film's potential market, a fate that also awaited *Fantasia*, *Dumbo* and *Bambi*. Because rising production costs and a decline in theater revenues had eaten away at the profits from *Snow White*, by the time of *Pinocchio*'s release a little more than two years later Disney found himself \$4.5 million in debt. (Later in the year, he would be forced to take his company public to raise capital.)

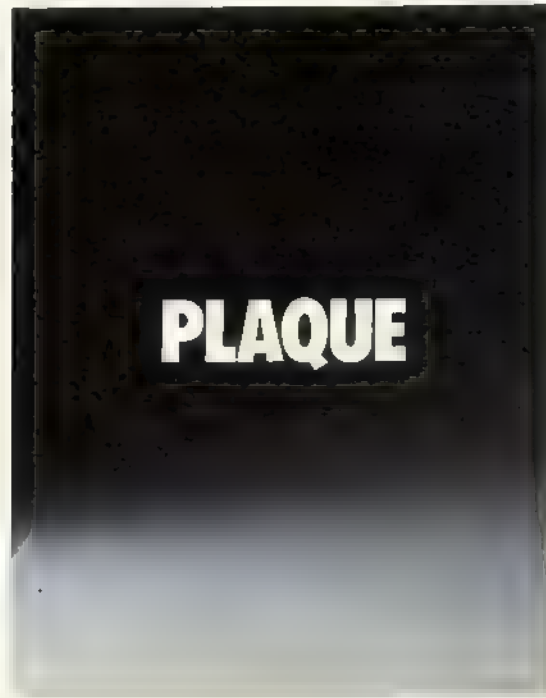
*Pinocchio*, coming as it did at the dawn of the Second World War, may be said to mark the end of Disney's Golden Era. And, as such, it represents a monument to that special time. "It was the best all-around picture we ever made," says Johnston. "There'll never be another period like that until someone comes along with as strong a vision as Walt's." ■



The film's 22 animators tried less to duplicate reality than to create a caricature of life and movement.



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**(THE NEXT STEP WOULD SEEM FAIRLY OBVIOUS.)**

FEBRUARY AND MARCH

# 1950

40 YEARS AGO

## STRIKE BREAKER

**March 3** With no end to a nine-month-old coal strike in sight, President Harry Truman petitions Congress for emergency power to seize and temporarily operate the mines. "We can wait no longer," he says. The prolonged walkout of 372,000 workers has cut the nation's coal supply to dangerously low levels.

**Update** An accord between the United Mine Workers and representatives of the mine operators was reached hours after Truman's request for seizure authority. Under the new contract, the miners' daily pay rose from \$14.05 to \$14.75 and mining companies increased contributions to the workers' welfare fund.

## BY THE BOOK

**March 16** The first annual National Book Awards are presented in New York to Nelson Algren for *The Man With the Golden Arm*, a brutally realistic look into the world of heroin addiction, and William Carlos Williams for his five-volume epic poem, *Paterson*.

**Update** The awards have usually managed to generate some form of controversy. In 1987, many black writers and some book critics argued that racial prejudice had denied the award to Toni Morrison for *Beloved*. After the dispute, the number of judges was increased from three to five.

## ELEMENTARY ADDITIONS

**March 17** Scientists at Berkeley announce the discovery of a new element, which has been dubbed californium. This element, the heaviest yet known, was discovered in experiments using a cyclotron, which also yielded another element, called (what else?) berkelium.



## KING CRAWFORD CROWNED

**March 23** *All the King's Men* wins the best-picture Oscar; its star, Broderick Crawford, is named best actor for his portrayal of a boisterous rural lawyer who becomes a political kingpin. The character, based loosely on Louisiana Gov. Huey Long, "gets the hang of politics and discovers the strange intoxication of his own unprincipled charm," said one reviewer.

**Update** Crawford gave a second

highly acclaimed performance in the 1950 film *Born Yesterday* and appeared as the gravel-voiced "10-4!" police chief in the television series *Highway Patrol* from 1955 to 1959. He waged a lifelong battle with alcoholism. "He could have been the greatest, but the one problem that always did him in was the bottle," said his agent, Al Melnick, after Crawford's death in April 1986.

## BABE WINS AGAIN

**Feb. 15** Sportswriters across the nation select Mildred "Babe" Didrikson Zaharias as the greatest female athlete of the half-century. A 1932 Olympic gold medalist in the 80-meter hurdles and the javelin throw, Zaharias (who got her nickname from Babe Ruth because of her skill as a baseball power-hitter) followed her track and field achievements by winning numerous golf championships. She turned professional in 1947. "As long as I am improving I will go on," she once said. "And besides, there's too much money in the business to quit."

**Update** In 1954, Zaharias won her third women's U.S. Open golf title by a margin of 12 strokes. The victory came slightly more than a year after her first operation for cancer. Zaharias and her husband, George, a professional



wrestler, established a charitable fund to support cancer clinics and treatment centers. Her autobiography, *This Life I've Led*, was published late in 1955. She died in September 1956 at 42.

## Around the World

**Feb. 12** Six British scientists marooned for more than two years on an icebound island in the Antarctic are rescued . . . **Feb. 15** Communist leaders Joseph Stalin and Mao Tse-tung sign mutual defense treaty in Moscow after two months of negotiations . . . **Feb. 23** Labor Party wins British general election . . . **Feb. 24** Murder on the Orient Express: Mangled body of suspected spy Eugene Karp, naval attaché at American Embassy in Bucharest, is dumped from the elegant train en route to Paris . . . **March 1** Chiang Kai-shek is proclaimed president of Nationalist China in Taiwan . . . **March 16** Dean Acheson makes proposals to U.S.S.R. to end cold war . . . **March 23** Hundreds are injured in riots in Rome sparked by government repression . . . **March 25** Truman warns Congress that foreign-aid cuts risk World War III.

## The Big Screen

*Three Came Home* stars Claudette Colbert in the 20th Century-Fox version of life in Japanese prison camp in Borneo . . . Walt



Disney releases *Cinderella* . . . *Stage Fright* stars Jane Wyman and Marlene Dietrich . . . Evelyn Keyes gives her heart to stalwart Mountie Dick Powell in *Mrs. Mike* . . . *Stromboli*, written and directed by Roberto Rossellini and starring Ingrid Bergman, is derided as a "startling anticlimax" to their real-life love affair . . . *Variety* poll of "bests" at the half-century mark names *Gone With the Wind*, Charlie Chaplin, Greta Garbo and D. W. Griffith as best picture, actor, actress and director.



50 YEARS AGO: MELANCHOLYISM BEGINS IN WHEELING, W.VA.

summer fools

BY DAVID M. HARRIS

# SEEING RED



# ED

Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's bullying was an eye-opener to the 80 million viewers of the Army-McCarthy hearings. His adversary was the formidable Army Counsel Joseph Welch (left).





**O**n a rainy February afternoon in 1950, an obscure freshman senator from Wisconsin left his Capitol Hill office to begin a five-city speaking tour on behalf of the Republican National Committee. It was Lincoln's Birthday weekend, traditionally a time for Party dinners and parades. But this particular Republican did not feel much like celebrating. His political career seemed to be on the wane, though he was only 41 years old. A glance at his itinerary that weekend told the story: stops in West Virginia, Utah, Nevada and South Dakota—hardly political showcases.

On the plane down to Wheeling, W.Va., his first stop, the senator went over his speech. Originally he had planned to talk about aid to the elderly, a subject that interested him not at all. But a few days earlier, he had changed his topic to Communists in government, a more newsworthy issue. With the aid of several sympathetic reporters, the senator had slapped together some newspaper clips and tired statistics. Amazingly, the final product would become one of the most quoted documents in modern American history.

Parts of the Wheeling speech, delivered to a women's Republican club on Feb. 9, had been taken word for word from a recent address by a young California Congressman named Richard Nixon. The theme was simple: America, the most powerful country on earth, was losing the cold war, and losing badly, to the forces of "Communist atheism." Why? Because the U.S. State Department, led by Secretary of State Dean Acheson—"this pompous diplomat in striped pants"—was filled with dupes and traitors who *wanted* the other side to win.

"The reason why we find ourselves in a position of impotency," the senator explained, "is not because the enemy has sent men to invade our shores, but rather because of the traitorous actions of those . . . who have had all the benefits that the wealthiest nation on earth has had to offer—the finest schools, the finest college educations and the finest jobs in government we can give."

Then the senator dropped his bombshell. "While I cannot take the time to name all of the men in the State Department who have been named as members of

DAVID M. OSHINSKY, the author of *A Conspiracy So Immense: The World of Joe McCarthy*, teaches history at Rutgers.



After McCarthy spoke at Wheeling, W.Va. (above), his wild charges made headlines everywhere.

### McCarthy Brands State Department Aid No. 1 Red Spy

SENATOR GIVES Aidesmen OK  
8 More S 142  
NAME IN SECRET  
SESSION OF QUIZ

TRAITOR AND THE COUNTRY  
BODY OF WEST  
SIDE GAMBLER  
HUNG ON FENCE

STUDENT SONS  
AS ARMY VIEWS  
GIRL'S CLOTHES

CHICAGO TRIBUNE 1950

the Communist Party and members of a spy ring," he told his audience, "*I have here in my hand a list of 205 . . . a list of names that were known to the Secretary of State and who nevertheless are still working and shaping the policy of the State Department.*"

The senator had no such list, but the figure 205 was not hard to come by. Four years earlier, in 1946, then Secretary of State James Byrnes had informed Congress of a screening of 3,000 people who worked for the Federal Government. Byrnes noted that damaging information had been uncovered in 284 cases. As of July 1946, only 79 had been discharged, leaving the senator's 205.

By 1950, of course, these figures were meaningless. The senator had no idea how many of the 205 employees had quit or been fired since 1946, nor did he know whether they stood accused of being Communists, Fascists, alcoholics, sex offenders or garden-variety liars. He was simply looking for an issue, a way to jump-start his stalled political career.

In the following days, the senator

changed his figures at every stop. On the flight to Utah, he claimed to have the names of 207 "bad risks" in the State Department. Reaching Salt Lake City, he spoke about "57 card-carrying members of the Communist Party." Returning to Washington, he warned against "81 loyalty risks" in government.

It hardly mattered that the senator was fabricating. What *did* matter was the amazing public reaction, which turned a forgettable politician into a national phenomenon. Within weeks of his Wheeling address, Senator Joseph Raymond McCarthy had emerged as America's dominant cold war figure—the new yardstick by which citizens measured patriotism. His face adorned the covers of *Newsweek* and *Time*. Frenzied newspapers reported each and every uncorroborated charge as if it were gospel. When McCarthy went out in public, people rushed up to shake his hand or to offer words of encouragement. Shouts of "Let 'em have it, Joe" followed him everywhere.

Prominent Republicans rallied to his side. They now viewed McCarthy as the

Party's chief alchemist, the man who could turn public fear and distrust into Republican votes. Privately, Senator Robert A. Taft dismissed McCarthy's charges as "nonsense." Yet he urged his colleague to keep on plugging. "If one case doesn't work out," said Taft, "just bring up another."

McCarthy had hit a nerve in the American body politic—a nerve rubbed raw by the Soviet takeovers in Eastern Europe, the Communist victory in China, and the sensational espionage cases involving Alger Hiss, a former State Department official, and Klaus Fuchs, an admitted atomic spy. As Americans searched for explanations for these complicated events, McCarthy provided the simplest answer of all: The real enemy was not in Moscow or Peiping, he thundered, the real enemy lived within us, within our own government, in Washington, D.C.

In an odd way, McCarthy had been preparing for this moment for most of his life. He was born on a small dairy farm near Appleton, Wis., on Nov. 14, 1908. The fifth of seven children, he was best remembered as the boy who couldn't sit still. Joe gulped his food, ran from place to place, labored incessantly and slept only a few hours each night. "He was like any other kid," said brother Howard, "except he was generally three steps ahead of them."

Joe quit school at 14 to raise chickens for profit. Within a year he had a thriving little business with 2,000 hens, 10,000 broilers, a large chicken house and a battered truck. When a bitter cold snap de-

stroyed his entire flock, he returned to high school, crammed four years of course work into two semesters and entered Marquette College, a Jesuit institution, in the fall of 1930.

At Marquette, McCarthy was known as a hustler—a brash, reckless fellow who would do almost anything to achieve his ends. He became senior class president after a rugged—some said dishonest—election campaign. He made local headlines as a boxer, nicknamed "Smiling Joe" for his ability to take enormous punishment in stride. And he earned big money as a gambler in the taverns around Milwaukee. "One should play poker with him to really know him," a friend recalled, "but in case you do, it would be my advice to play table stakes or get some big bank to back you. He raises on poor hands and always comes out the winner."

After getting a law degree in 1935, McCarthy moved back to the Appleton area. Almost immediately, he entered—and won—the race for county judge by portraying the respected incumbent as senile and incompetent. Inheriting a bench with a backlog of 250 cases, McCarthy worked feverishly to clear the docket. During his first two months in office, he kept the courtroom open after midnight on 12 separate occasions. His methods aroused both interest and anger. Opponents criticized him for giving "quickie divorces" to political friends, and the Wisconsin Supreme Court censured him for destroying some critical evidence in a bitter price-fixing case.

McCarthy soon tired of his judicial duties, but his plans to run for the U.S. Senate were sidetracked when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor in 1941. Though judges were exempt from military service, he quickly joined the Marines. It would be nice to say that he volunteered for the best of reasons: a strong sense of duty, a hatred of Fascism. It would also be untrue. To his thinking, front-line service was an essential prerequisite for young politicians. There was but one rule to remember: You had to survive the war in order to exploit it.

McCarthy served for three years as an intelligence officer in the Pacific, debriefing combat pilots after their bombing runs over Japanese-held islands. His assignment, while hardly dangerous, was vital to the fliers who took the risks and got most of the glory. But McCarthy was not about to be viewed as a small cog in a big machine, not when his political instincts told him that those who came home with mili-

tary honors would be rewarded at the ballot box. Before long, stories about his military exploits began filtering back to Wisconsin. They portrayed McCarthy as a tail-gunner, flying dangerous missions and spraying more bullets than any other Marine in history. He even claimed to have suffered a war wound when his plane crash-landed on an airstrip.

Almost none of this was true. McCarthy did fly a few safe missions in the tail-gunner's seat, strafing coconut trees on islands the Japanese had already abandoned. His "war wound" took place during a hazing incident on board ship. As part of an Equator-crossing ritual, McCarthy was forced to run a gauntlet of paddle-wielding sailors. He slipped, fell down a stairwell and broke his foot.

McCarthy exploited his war record in typical fashion. In 1944 he spoke of 14 bombing runs; in 1947 the figure rose to 17; in 1951 it peaked at 32. He demanded—and received—an Air Medal, four stars, and the Distinguished Flying Cross, awarded for 25 missions in combat. Honors poured in from the American Legion, the Gold Star Mothers and the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

In 1946 McCarthy entered Wisconsin's Republican senatorial primary. His opponent was Robert M. LaFollette Jr., a three-term senator who belonged to one of the state's leading political families. Having no political record to run on, the young challenger bragged about his war exploits and berated LaFollette, then 51, for having failed to enlist. His campaign fliers read: "TODAY JOE McCarthy IS HOME He wants to SERVE America in the SENATE. Yes, folks, CONGRESS NEEDS A TAIL-GUNNER."

McCarthy edged LaFollette by 5,000 votes. A few months later he won the general election as part of a G.O.P. landslide that gave Republicans control of Congress for the first time in 18 years.

As a freshman senator, McCarthy was known mainly for his raucous behavior. Angry colleagues accused him of lying, of manipulating figures and of disregarding the Senate's most cherished traditions. By 1950 his political career was in deep trouble. He was up for re-election in 1952, and most analysts expected him to lose. Then came Wheeling.

President Harry Truman was furious at McCarthy's charges. He viewed the Senator as a shameless publicity hound who would say anything to make headlines. In a personal letter to Vice President Alben Barkley, Truman wrote that McCarthy's



In 1944 "tail-gunner" McCarthy claimed 14 bombing runs; in 1947, 17; in 1951, 32. Actually he strafed some coconut trees.



behavior reminded him of an old fable about a mad dog who went around biting people. To deter him, the dog's master placed a clog around the dog's neck. Even though the clog was a badge of dishonor, the dog foolishly viewed it as a medal. The moral, Truman concluded, was that some men "mistake notoriety for fame, and would rather be remarked for their vices and follies than not be noticed at all."

Truman was right about McCarthy, yet helpless to stop him. The Senator's main strength, after all, was the President's greatest threat: Communism. The first months of 1950 had been difficult for Truman, but June brought the worst news of all. Communist North Korea invaded non-Communist South Korea. Within weeks American troops were involved in the fighting, which would shortly include the Red Chinese.

The Korean War gave McCarthy even greater momentum. For the first time, Americans were battling Communist soldiers. The reaction was frightening. Air raid drills, including simulated bombings of American cities, became the order of the day. In school practice drills, students were taught to dive under their desks and shield their eyes against atomic blasts. In New York, school officials distributed metal "dog tags." ("If a bomb gets me in the street," a first-grader explained, "people will know what my name is.") In Washington, a typical real estate ad read, "Small farm—out beyond the atomic blasts." Mayor Mike DiSalle of Toledo, Ohio, tried to calm worried residents by joking that he would build large neon signs directing Communist pilots to Cleveland and Detroit.

Kidding aside, by 1952 McCarthy had

become, in Democratic Presidential candidate Adlai Stevenson's words, "the most formidable presence in American life." As elections approached that year, McCarthy's attacks grew more strident. He called Secretary of Defense George C. Marshall a traitor, mocked Acheson as the "Red Dean of Fashion" and described President Truman as a drunkard, adding: "The son of a bitch should be impeached." During the election campaign itself, McCarthy claimed, falsely, that the Communist *Daily Worker* had endorsed Stevenson for President. At several points, McCarthy made the ugly, intentional slip, "Alger—I mean Adlai." And so it went.

McCarthy was easily re-elected in 1952. With Republicans retaining control of Congress, he was offered the chairmanship of a relatively innocuous Senate committee, known as Government Operations. McCarthy eagerly accepted. He realized that Government Operations had a Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations with the stated (although little-used) authority to scrutinize "government activities at all levels."

McCarthy moved quickly. As chairman, he could hire staffers, hold hearings, issue subpoenas, threaten contempt-of-Congress citations and issue final reports. For the position of chief counsel he chose Roy Marcus Cohn, a slick, abrasive young lawyer from New York. Together they investigated "Communist influence" throughout the Federal bureaucracy, from the bookshelves of the State Department's overseas libraries to the Hebrew radio broadcasts at the Voice of America. McCarthy's hearings didn't uncover any Communists, but they did ruin many ca-

reers and undermine the morale of countless Federal workers.

The worst damage was done to the U.S. Army. In the fall of 1953, Cohn and McCarthy virtually paralyzed the Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth, N.J., by claiming that a spy ring was in operation there. More than 40 engineers were suspended as "security risks." One was charged with signing a nominating petition for a Socialist candidate in 1940. Another had a relative who once belonged to the American Labor Party, a left-wing anti-Communist organization. Still another was accused of a "close and continuing association" with his brother, who had "attended a rally at Yankee Stadium in 1948 at which Paul Robeson spoke."

McCarthy wasn't finished. An adroit manipulator of the press (he timed his announcements to newspaper deadlines so that reporters would not have time to check his facts), he made daily headlines by accusing the Army of "coddling Communists" within its ranks. At one point, he browbeat a decorated officer for "shielding" a "Red" dentist at Camp Kilmer, N.J. "You should be removed from your command," McCarthy told Gen. Ralph W. Zwicker. "Any man . . . who protects Communists is not fit to wear that uniform."

Until this point, President Eisenhower had tried to ignore McCarthy's charges. There was no doubt that he despised the Senator; in private, a friend observed, Ike "would go up in an utter blaze over him." Still, the new President believed that a direct attack on McCarthy was not worth the obvious risks. It might split the Republicans down the middle, some for Ike, others for Joe. And battling McCarthy was a dirty business, sure to soil the White House itself. In the President's words, "I just will not—I refuse—to get into the gutter with that guy."

Ike changed his mind after the attack on General Zwicker. He could not bear the thought of continued assaults upon his favorite institution. McCarthy had attacked the one target guaranteed to pit the Republican White House against him.

Early in 1954, the Senate decided to investigate charges that McCarthy and Cohn had sought special privileges for a young committee staffer named G. David Schine, who had been drafted. At Ike's insistence, Republican leaders agreed to

*President Eisenhower said, "I just will not—I refuse—to get into the gutter with that guy." Then McCarthy attacked the Army.*





GLORIA PHOTOS

"Have you no sense of decency, sir? At long last, have you left no sense of decency?" The gallery burst into applause. The hearings continued, but McCarthy's influence was spent.

A few months later, the Senate censured McCarthy for "conduct . . . contrary to the senatorial traditions." The vote was 67-22, with only Republican conservatives opposed. Many viewed the vote as a sign of political sanity; from that point forward, McCarthy's life disintegrated—quite literally—at a wicked rate of speed. The press now ignored him, and his political influence disappeared. When he rose to speak in the Senate, his colleagues drifted from the floor. Shunned and humiliated, he spent his final days drinking (he had long been a heavy drinker) and railing bitterly against those who had deserted his cause.

During the 1956 campaign, McCarthy appeared, uninvited, at a dinner for Vice President Nixon in a Milwaukee hotel. He lurched into the ballroom, approached the dais and took a seat at the end of the table. At this point, a newsman recalled, a dignitary approached McCarthy and asked him to leave—which he did, without saying a word. The newsman followed him outside. He found McCarthy sitting in an alley, crying like a little boy. The Senator died of acute alcoholism on May 2, 1957. He was 48 years old.

Every year, on the anniversary of his death, a small crowd gathers at St. Mary's Cemetery in McCarthy's hometown of Appleton to honor the memory of Tail-Gunner Joe. The people are well past middle age; their numbers are dwindling, yet they think that history will one day treat their hero well. "By God, there were Communists by the thousands in the Government," says Thomas Bergen, who runs the Senator Joseph R. McCarthy Foundation from his home. "People just refused to listen. They were bamboozled by the Communist tyranny."

But most Appleton residents would rather forget about McCarthy. His name and the term "McCarthyism" have come to stand for political repression, witch hunts, blacklists and loyalty oaths. There is even talk of removing his bronze bust from the Outagamie County Courthouse, where the Senator began his public career as circuit judge 50 years ago. Ask an Appletonian about the town's most notable citizen and he will likely name Eric Weiss, not Joe McCarthy. Weiss, too, was known for sleight of hand and reckless behavior. His stage name was Harry Houdini. ■



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

McCarthy's chief counsel was a slick, abrasive lawyer, Roy M. Cohn (top right). Both were charged with seeking special Army privileges for staffer G. David Schine (bottom).

televiser the daily hearings.

The President knew that McCarthy had done poorly in his previous TV appearances. The cameras seemed to capture his true personality in ways the printed word could not. A few months earlier, Edward R. Murrow had savaged McCarthy by airing selected clips of the Senator in action—browbeating witnesses, slandering public figures, giggling uncontrollably, belching and picking his nose. At the end of the *See It Now* broadcast, Murrow issued his now-famous call to conscience. "This is no time for men who oppose Senator McCarthy's methods to keep silent," he said. "We can deny our heritage and our history, but we cannot escape responsibility for the result." He concluded with Shakespearean eloquence. "Cas-

sius was right," he told his viewers. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars but in ourselves." Good night and good luck."

The Army-McCarthy hearings were viewed by up to 80 million Americans over 36 days; at times they were painful to watch. The Senator's windy speeches, his endless interruptions, his frightening outbursts, his crude personal attacks—all gave evidence of a man out of control. The highlight of the hearings came on the afternoon of June 9, when McCarthy questioned the loyalty of a young lawyer who had worked on the staff of Army Counsel Joseph Welch. "Until this moment, Senator, I think I never really gauged your cruelty or your recklessness," Welch responded in a voice rich with sorrow.



ENCORE

# Missed List

Compiled by George Sullivan



**RUTH BUZZI, actress:** I'd love the Campbell Soup Company to make the tomato soup nice and red the way it was years ago. Maybe it was just the color, but I remember it tasting so much *better!* I used to *love* it.



RAUPH DOMINGUEZ/LOBE PHOTOS



**LEONA HELMSLEY, president, Helmsley Hotels:** Old family values.

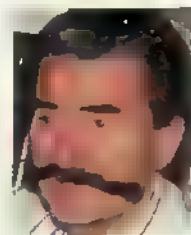


FRANK INTERNATIONAL



PHOTOFEET

**LEROY NEIMAN, artist:** Cigar smoking in restaurants and nightclubs. Upon requesting a Havana cigar, the maître d' would personally carry over a half-dozen boxes for your selection, and if a lady at the table desired a smoke, a leggy cigarette girl in mesh hose would appear with a tray of assorted packs.



JOHN BAPRETTI/LOBE PHOTOS



FRANK INTERNATIONAL. INSET: BUD DUNN/COURTESY OF RANDOM HOUSE INC.

**JOHN JAKES, author:** Good passenger-train service all over America.



LOBE PHOTOS

**FRANCESCO SCAVULLO, photographer:** Love and passion.



PHOTOFEET



# The way we were.

The way we wore our hats. The way we danced 'til three. AT&T brings you the sights and sounds of yesterday through the lenses of American MovieMakers. First, twelve rarely seen—or heard—films from “The Dawn of Sound,” when AT&T helped develop the Vitaphone process that broke the movies’ sound barrier. Fade out, fade in...and AT&T takes you to Hollywood’s golden age, with 34 masterpieces “Directed By Vincente Minnelli,” the cinematic master whose artistry had us dancing in the aisles. At AT&T, these two retrospectives exemplify our commitment to bringing you the best.

From top to bottom:

*Don Juan*, 1926.

*The Jazz Singer*, 1927.

*The Band Wagon*, 1953.

*Meet Me in St. Louis*, 1944.

*Gigi*, 1958.

*An American in Paris*, 1951.

Courtesy of Turner Entertainment Co.

**AMERICAN MOVIEMAKERS**

Museum of Modern Art, New York City.

November 17, 1989–January 28, 1990.

And watch for American MovieMakers  
at major museums around the country this year.

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# ENCORE



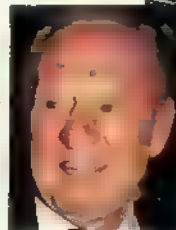
ERIC INTERNATIONAL

JEFFREY KAUCK/COURTESY OF THE BERNLEY PUBLISHING GROUP



**STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM, author:** Telephone exchanges with names, not just numbers. RHineland 7, PLaza 5, MUrray Hill 3, REgent 6 and BUtterfield 8 had so much more *style* than 747, 755, 683, 736, 288, etc., and you just *knew* that anybody with a RHineland 7 number had to be okay.

**ART LINKLETTER, TV personality, author:** A 25-cent haircut, a five-cent Hershey Bar, and the comfort of going to a neighborhood movie without being bombarded by vulgar, four-letter words that do nothing for plot or character.



COVER PICTURES, NSPT ADAM SCULL GLOBE PHOTOS

APIW DE WORLD PHOTOS



**KATHY KEETON, president, *Omni* magazine:** All the species that man has caused to be extinct.



SID LIPSCHITZ/VIEWEO

DONALD SANDERS/GLOBE PHOTOS



**ERMA BOMBECK, columnist/author:** Old lipstick, the kind that stayed on your lips through lunch. Just because a couple of research rats got it on their teeth and said they got sick from it is no reason to punish future generations. The only thing to day's lipstick adheres to is your blouse.

APIW DE WORLD PHOTOS



**JULIAN BOND, civil rights leader:** Charlie Parker, acoustic Bob Dylan, the original Freedom Singers, real Jeeps, the 10-cent original-size Mpounds Bar, movie serials, doo-wop groups, the civil rights movement's spirit, Edward R. Murrow, real movie theaters, real night-


clubs, real hamburgers, soda fountains, a turquoise '57 Thunderbird with white-walls, a fire-engine red '56 Chevy, charades, *Your Hit Parade* with Snooky Lanson and Dorothy Collins, my father, and Martin Luther King Jr.



FREDERIC LEWIS

PHOTOEST





# The way we're going.

Take a look at life from Robert Longo's perspective, as he captures the essence of the moment. AT&T is sponsoring the first major exhibition of Longo's work in drawing, painting, sculpture, video, film, performance art, and his category-defying "combines." Integrating film, computerized projection, music, and dance, Longo redefines the limits of his art to reflect the drama of his world. And AT&T brings it to you.

**ROBERT LONGO.**  
*Museum of Contemporary Art,  
Chicago.*  
*February 17-April 11, 1990.*  
*Wadsworth Atheneum,  
Hartford, Connecticut.*  
*June 9-September 2, 1990.*

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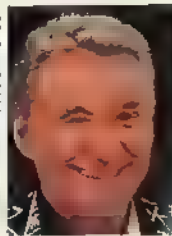
**AT&T**

The right choice.



# ENCORE

DONALD SANDERS GLOBE PHOTOS



**DOC SEVERINSEN, trumpeter and bandleader:** An old-fashioned filling station owned by a guy named George, who has a leather bow tie, and who'll clean your windows and check your oil and tires without your asking.



FREDERIC LEWIS

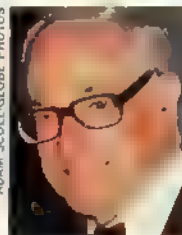
FFG INTERNATIONAL



JONATHAN GREENGLOBE PHOTOS

**MAUREEN STAPLETON, actress:** Doctors who make house calls.

ADAM SCULL GLOBE PHOTOS



**MALCOLM FORBES, publisher:** Trees. Everyone once treasured trees, even those blighted by city life. In school, we learned Joyce Kilmer's poem right along with the Pledge of Allegiance and the national anthem. Everyone observed Arbor Day. Not only do trees beautify the landscape, but they're the simplest of all anti-pollution devices. I'd like to see trees restored to our national consciousness.

FREDERIC LEWIS



CULVER PICTURES

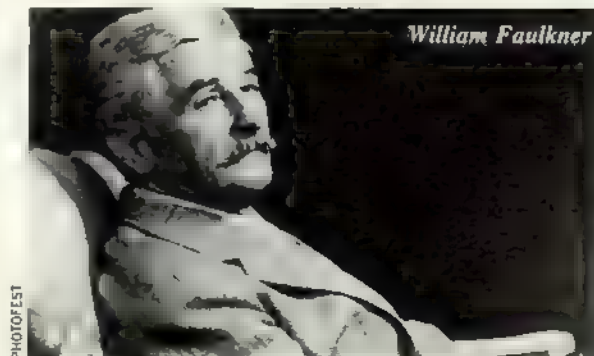


*Hart with Richard Rodgers as pianist.*

**JOSEPH WAMBAUGH, author:** The poets of Tin Pan Alley—people like Ira Gershwin, Lorenz Hart, Johnny Mercer.

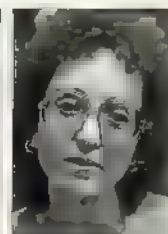


GLOBE PHOTOS



*William Faulkner*

PHOTOFEST

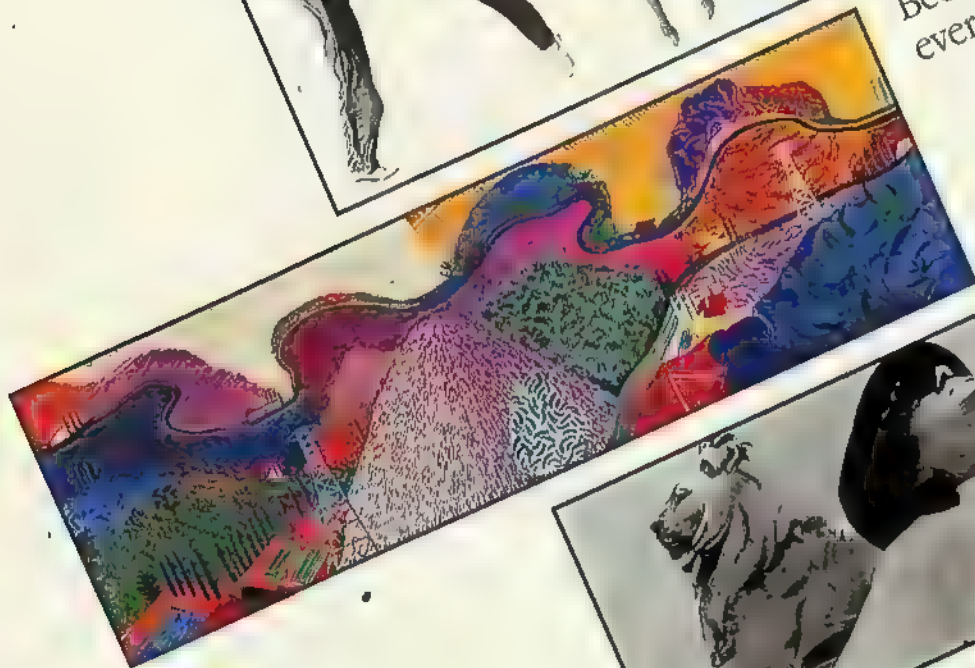


NANCY CRAMPON

**JOYCE CAROL OATES, novelist:** Fred Astaire, William Faulkner and Sugar Ray Robinson. ■

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From top to bottom:

Paul Gauguin:

*'The Siesta,'* 1891 or 1892.

AT&T Dance Tour.

David Hockney:

*'Mulholland Drive,'*

*The Road to the Studio,'* 1980.

Robert Longo.

*Still Life from 'Sound Distance of a Good Man.'*

AGAINST NATURE:

*Japanese Art in the '80s.*

© 1990, AT&T



**AT&T**

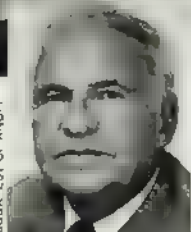
The right choice.



FREDERIC LEWIS



MARTHA KAPLAN  
COURTESY OF KNOPE



**JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS, historian:** Rumble seats (but with safety belts).

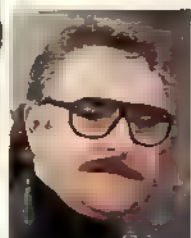
CLAY PICTURES



**GENE KELLY, actor:** Streetcars, Model-A Ford roadsters (vintage 1929) and stick-shift cars that have only three gears and a reverse.



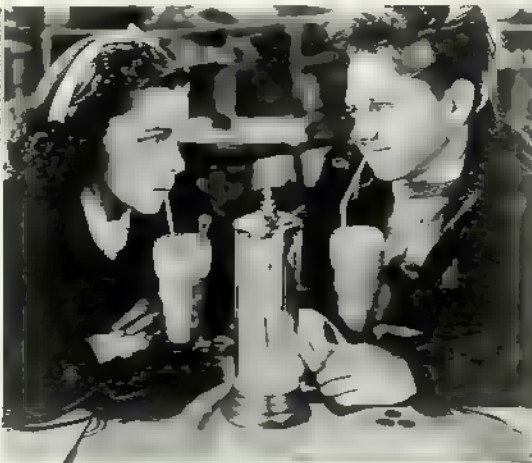
CULVER PICTURES



GLOBE PHOTOS (4)

**MARTY INGELS, actor/agent:** Joe Louis, Harry Truman, Spencer Tracy, the Good-Humor Man, ethics, my blackjack money, Walter Cronkite delivering the news, all those opportunities, and my father.

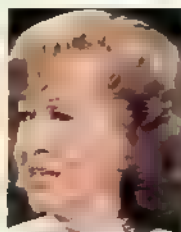
FPJ INTERNATIONAL



STEVEN SHOR  
COURTESY OF SLACKMURROW

**LEO BUSCAGLIA, author:** Romance expressed in all the arts without steamy, graphic sex. Remember *Casablanca*? *Anna Karenina*? *Father Knows Best*? *Andy Hardy*? Whatever happened to the fade-out?

PHOTOFEST



**JEANNE DIXON, syndicated psychic:** Good manners. That may seem a simple thing to wish for, but it would make life inestimably better for us all.



**STEPHEN KING, author:** Black-and-white feature films like *Psycho*, *The Last Picture Show* and *In Cold Blood*. I loved those crisp, clean contrasts.

CULVER PICTURES



# 1940

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Today, we take this commitment to the nation's theaters with AT&T OnStage®... to performance centers with the AT&T Dance Tour series...to the airwaves with "AT&T PRESENTS"...to concert halls with the AT&T American Encore series...and to museums around the world with an extraordinary array of art exhibitions, from the tropic settings of Paul Gauguin to the frozen moments of Robert Longo.

A half-century of unforgettable events proving that in the arts as well as in the business of information technology, AT&T is the way things get done.

# 1990



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35 Years Ago

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(and gives them BETTER daily nutrition than most humans get)



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**NEW FORM!** Not a kibble... not meal... but an entirely new kind of dog food heat-treated under pressure, then exploded into crisp, light-textured nuggets with thousands of tiny flavor cells. Easy to eat and digest. Easy to mix—absorbs liquids instantly, is ready to serve.

**NEW FLAVOR!** Deep-down, satisfying flavor and fresh, wholesome aroma shot through and through every morsel, into every cell. In test markets, owners of 39 breeds report this exciting new flavor makes their dogs eat like they’ve never eaten before.

**NEW NUTRITION!** All 24 vital nutrients dogs need for all-around good health. Without question, a more complete, better balanced daily diet than most humans get. Made by Purina, recognized leader in scientific animal nutrition. Try New Purina Dog Chow today.

## New Purina Dog Chow

NOW ON SALE AT GROCERS’ AND PURINA FEED STORES



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With the proper motivation, Pepe was able to overcome his fear of heights.



The best-tasting Dog Chow ever. Dogs don't know it has real meat and bone meal. Or whole grains. Or 43 nutrients. They only know how good it tastes. Purina® Dog Chow® brand dog food. It's so complete...





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30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary

FEBRUARY AND MARCH

# 1960

30 YEARS AGO

## OH RICKY, OH LUCY!

**March 3** TV's favorite couple, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, announced today that they are separating after 20 years of marriage. The two made history in the 1950's as the stars of *I Love Lucy*, one of TV's most popular sitcoms and the first to be filmed before a live audience. Under the tutelage of Arnaz—a Cuban-born musician, actor and businessman—Ball became TV's first female executive as his partner in Desilu Productions.

**Update** After the divorce, Ball purchased half of Desilu Productions for \$60 million. Ball and Arnaz both remarried. The two remained close friends until 1986, when Arnaz succumbed to cancer at the age of 69. Ball died last May at 77, following emergency heart surgery.

## M.I.A.s FOUND

**Feb. 11** An American oilman working in the Libyan desert has discovered the remains of five missing crew members of a World War II bomber, the *Lady Be Good*. The nine-man crew had bailed out of the ailing aircraft after a raid over Naples in April 1943. The plane was found 10 months ago, 85 miles away, with its water jugs full and its radio in working order. It had made an almost perfect belly landing.

**Update** A diary kept by the copilot, Lieut. Robert Toner of Massachusetts, was found the following week. Entries told of scorching days and freezing nights, sun blindness and the crewmen's desperate efforts to exist on a capful of water a day. The diary noted that one crew member had been lost in the bailout, and that after six days in the desert, three others had left the group to search for help. Their bodies were never recovered.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS (3)

## WASHINGTON MARATHON

**Feb. 29** Southern Democrats in the Senate, headed by Richard B. Russell of Georgia, began to filibuster today to forestall a vote on—or to force compromises in—legislation dealing with school desegregation and voting rights. At the heart of the battle is the Southerners' unwillingness to recognize a Supreme Court desegregation decision as law. In preparation for round-the-clock

sessions, cots have been moved into Senate offices and committee rooms.

**Update** On March 8 the filibuster finally ended when Democratic leader Lyndon B. Johnson responded to a bipartisan petition signed by 31 senators calling for a vote. Eventually, after many compromises, the Senate passed a watered-down version of the bill in April.

## PAAR FOR THE COURSE



JPH/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



**Feb. 11** Jack Paar, host of NBC's *Tonight Show*, walks off the set in mid-taping, saying he is quitting over the network's censorship of a benign joke about a "water closet" from the previous evening's broadcast. "There must be a better way of making a living," Paar tells his audience in a voice choked with emotion. After shaking hands with announcer Hugh Downs, he leaves the show he has been hosting for three years.

**Update** Appeased by support from fans, Paar ended his protest after a month (during which Downs filled in). He continued hosting the show for two more years.

## Miscellany

**Feb. 10** Beer mogul Adolph Coors III, 44, is presumed kidnapped after his bloodstained truck is found near his Colorado home. (Nearly a year later, Coors's body was found in a dump, not far from where he'd disappeared.) ... **Feb. 13** Exploding an A-bomb in the Sahara, France becomes fourth member of atomic club, joining U.S., Britain and U.S.S.R.

... **Feb. 23** Heartbroken Brooklyn Dodgers fans watch wrecking crews move into Ebbets Field, destroying the park that had been home to the team from 1913 to 1957

... **March 4** After finishing an aria from Verdi's *La Forza del Destino*, baritone Leonard Warren, 48, fails to stage of New York's Metropolitan Opera House and dies of stroke.

## Sports

P.G.A. officials announce that Arnold Palmer, 30, of Ligonier, Pa., set two-




month money-winning record (\$18,922) during January and February ... At Winter Olympics in Squaw Valley, Calif., Soviets are big winners, though U.S. hockey team scores stunning upset over Czechs. American figure skaters Carol Heiss and David Jenkins win gold medals.

## Diversions

*Toys in the Attic*, drama by Lillian Hellman, opens in New York ... Jane Fonda, 22, makes stage debut in *There Was a Little Girl* ... The movie *Can-Can*, starring Shirley MacLaine and Frank Sinatra, premieres.





Jerome  
**BENDER & TURNER**

# DANCING IN MY DREAMS

EUGENE SCOTT

# We've orchestrated more happy endings than anyone in Hollywood.

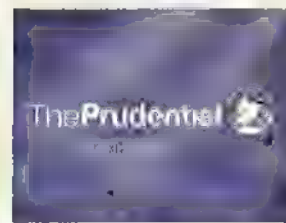
In the movies, happy endings look easy.

But in the real world, happy endings don't just happen. They take solid planning. Hard work. And a little imagination.

That's why so many people turn to the companies of The Prudential to help make their biggest dreams come true.

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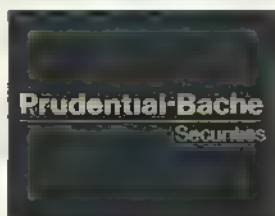


years, Prudential insurance has been helping families just like yours. Today, millions of Americans depend on

The Rock® for the peace of mind that comes from solid protection.

## Financial security

Prudential-Bache Securities is known for its rock solid resources and market wise investment advice. Advice that's helping investors all over America reach their



financial goals. And, feel a little more secure and confident along the way.

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Now you can also turn to The Rock when



you're buying or selling a home. Because some of the best names in residential real estate have joined The Prudential.

Backed by the strength of The Rock, The Prudential Real Estate Affiliates can help make the home of your dreams become a reality.

So, if your plans call for insurance protection, investment advice, or even buying or selling a home, look to the companies of The Prudential to help you with your most important financial needs.

Because, no matter how your script reads now, with the strength of The Rock it could have a much happier ending.

**Build your future on The Rock.™**



*After a stellar rookie season, "Wilt the Stilt," basketball's 7-foot-1 phenom, cries foul.*



UP: BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

WILT CHAMBERLAIN, who has always been enormously fond of records, set a curious one in March 1960: Earliest retirement by a basketball superstar. At age 23, having brought the National Basketball Association to its knees in his rookie year as a center for the Philadelphia Warriors, Chamberlain packed his uniform and walked away from the big time.

After leading the league in scoring (37.6 points per game) and rebounding (27.0) by wide margins, after being named the league's Most Valuable Player and Rookie of the Year, the 7-foot-1, 220-pound phenomenon informed the Warriors that he was through. Even for a young man known for traveling his own course, this move was a shocker. It was like Sinatra retiring after one album, like Hemingway putting his typewriter away after writing *The Sun Also Rises*.

Was Wilt really leaving the most prestigious basketball league to join the Harlem Globetrotters, a team that played for laughs, a vaudeville troupe in short pants? Yes, he insisted, he was.

"I was disappointed in the NBA," Chamberlain says today. "All through my career in high school and college, it was Wilt Chamberlain versus the world. Teams would put three and four guys on me, and that wasn't basketball. My real dream coming into the NBA was finally to have a chance to go one-on-one. I thought, now I can play some basketball. But that didn't happen."

Instead, Chamberlain, the world's first great seven-foot player, seemed as much of a threat to his professional opponents as he had been to the amateurs. The NBA teams threw up defenses that more closely resembled a rugby scrum than a basketball alignment, preventing Wilt from enjoying what he thought would be the blissful purity of real basketball. "They were allowed to beat the s--- out of me," is how Wilt puts it now. After a game, "I could tell how tough it was by how many bruises and welts I had."

Sportswriter George Kiseda, who cov-

SCOTT OSTLER, formerly a sportswriter for the Los Angeles Times, is a columnist for The National, a new sports daily.

ered basketball for the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, says NBA referees decided, "consciously or unconsciously, that this guy was too good. They couldn't enforce the regular rules or he would make a farce of the game. Other centers told me they could get away with things against Wilt they couldn't do against anyone else."

Despite the muggings, friends and family urged Wilt to stay in the NBA. He finally agreed, rejoining the Warriors at the start of the next season. Though officials still permitted opponents to use Chamberlain as a human jungle gym, in the next 13 seasons instead of getting mad he got even, by breaking every scoring and rebounding record in the books. In one memorable game against the New York Knicks (see "Hoopla in Hershey"), he scored 100 points.

Even before he took up basketball (which he once called "a sissy game") in junior high school, Chamberlain had been a young track star with a national reputation, excelling in the quarter-mile, high jump and shot-put. Friends persuaded him to try basketball, and by the time he was a

6-foot-3 ninth grader, college and pro scouts were attending his games.

At Philadelphia's Overbrook High, Wilt averaged 36.9 points and scored 90 points in a single game. In three seasons his teams won 58 games and lost three, en route to two city championships. The youngster had a variety of shots, but by far the most stunning was the dunk, the direct-deposit slam through the hoop from somewhere up in the stratosphere. The shot is common now, but back then only a handful of players could dunk, and only young Wilt did it routinely.

It was at Overbrook that Chamberlain picked up the nickname Wilt the Stilt, one that he has always loathed, insisting that it reduces his accomplishments to a matter of height. He much prefers The Big Dipper, a name that better describes the combination of grace, agility and strength that Wilt packaged in such a high-rise frame. Hundreds of seven-footers have played

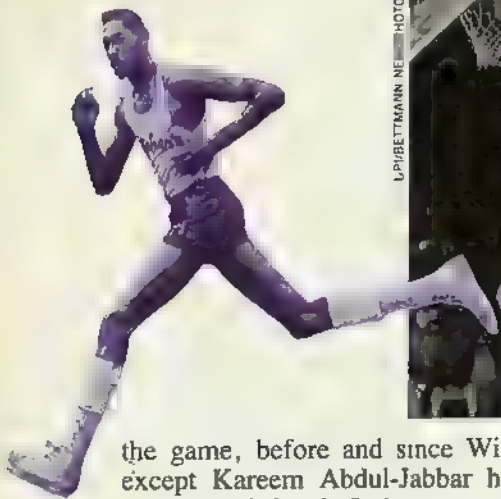
*Opposing teams often stood by helplessly as Chamberlain took control of the court, slam dunking his way into the record books.*

# the BIG DIPPER

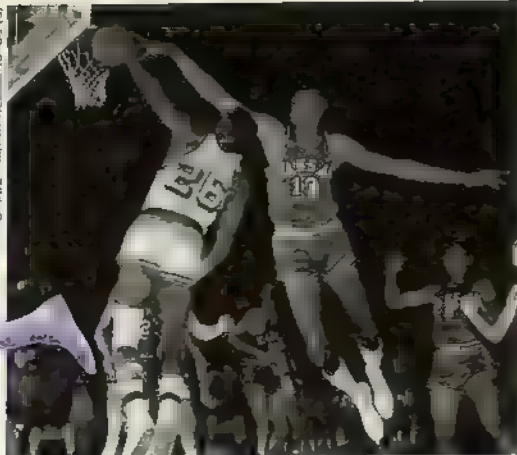
**By Scott Ostler**







UPI/GETTMANN NEWS PHOTOS (3)



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

the game, before and since Wilt; none except Kareem Abdul-Jabbar have approached his level of talent.

Two hundred colleges recruited Chamberlain, including at least two Southern schools that knew of him only by reputation and were surprised to discover that he was black.

Not one for subtle debuts, Chamberlain scored 52 points against Northwestern in his first college game at the University of Kansas. His performance sent chills down the spines of opposing coaches. Immediately they began designing four-on-Wilt defenses. Still he carried his team to the NCAA finals as a sophomore (they lost to North Carolina).

The stalling and blanket defenses of college ball soon began to bore Wilt, but since he would not become eligible for the NBA until the 1959-60 season, he skipped his senior year at Kansas to tour with the Globetrotters. With Wilt in the lineup attendance shot up 20 percent that season.

When the next NBA season rolled around, though, Wilt decided to realize his NBA dreams. He signed with the Warriors for \$30,000, a cut from his Globetrotters salary but \$5,000 more than the legendary Bob Cousy was making playing for the NBA champion Boston Celtics.

As if waiting for a meteor to fall, the basketball world braced for The Big Dipper's impact. "He'll drive the coaches to the nuthouse," predicted Celtic coach Red Auerbach, watching Wilt overpower NBA stars in a preseason game. Knick coach Fuzzy Levane agreed. "He'll revolutionize the game," he said.

Even as a whippet-thin rookie, Wilt was considered the strongest man in the league. He could palm a 16-pound bowling ball; he could lift a grown man off the floor by his pockets and hold him at arm's length. From a standstill, Wilt could leap and pluck a coin off the top of the backboard, 13 feet above the floor, an ability uncommon even in players today. And with the speed and grace of the track star he once was, Wilt was perhaps the fastest

player in the league. And the most durable. One year, he played all but two minutes of the entire season.

In his very first NBA game, against the Knicks at Madison Square Garden in the winter of '59, Chamberlain scored 43 points and grabbed 28 rebounds. "The show he put on for 15,527 fans," raved *The New York Times*, "was both beautiful and frightening."

In his second and third seasons his average moved up to 38.4 and then 50.4. In 1962 he and the Warriors relocated to San Francisco. Three years later he was traded back to Philadelphia, to a new team—the 76ers, owned by his mentor Ike Richman.

It was there that Chamberlain played his greatest ball. Although his scoring declined, he became a proficient passer (the only non-guard ever to lead the league in assists) and was named the league's MVP three consecutive years. He led the 76ers to an NBA title in 1967, beating his old San Francisco team.

In 1968, after a contract dispute over money, Chamberlain was traded again, to the Los Angeles Lakers, where he joined future Hall-of-Famers Elgin Baylor and Jerry West. Five years later, in Chamberlain's last pro season, he teamed with West to lead the Lakers on a record 33-game winning streak and to an NBA championship.

Despite his winning ways, however, Chamberlain's coaches were not always among his biggest fans. In the deciding game of the 1969 NBA finals against Boston, for example, he suffered a slight knee injury in the fourth quarter. After a brief rest on the Lakers bench, he signaled to coach Bill Van Breda Kolff that he was ready to return to the game. "We don't need you," said Van Breda Kolff, who considered Chamberlain a prima donna. He was wrong. The Lakers lost the game and the title by two points.

Chamberlain always managed to confound convention, on and off the court. Purists sniffed at his unorthodox fall-away jump shot, his enormous scoring aver-

*A former track star, Wilt disliked basketball at the University of Kansas. In 1960, Philadelphia Warriors owner Eddie Gottlieb (above) urged the MVP to return to the team after an abrupt exit.*



*Two rivals, Bill Russell (above right) and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (below right), haunt Chamberlain's retirement. He bristles at the suggestion that either player was his equal.*



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS





ages—which some said were made at the expense of team play—and his wretched free-throw shooting. The star chose to wear the number 13 on his jersey, rejecting traditional superstition.

In 1967, looking for a new athletic challenge, Chamberlain signed to box Muhammad Ali, then world heavyweight champ. But Chamberlain's advisers lobbied against the fight, saying it might diminish his athletic and personal dignity. In the end the match was canceled.

While Chamberlain admits that his eccentricities made a convenient target for his detractors, he says that the real reason behind their criticisms lay elsewhere. "I started my career in the era of white basketball. I was a black man who was changing the times, and I was also a guy who did



*Chamberlain threatened to sting heavyweight champ Muhammad Ali like a bee. But the match never came off.*

my own thing, you understand? There was a great deal of resentment, whether it was for me dating the girls I was dating, whatever color they were"—at the time, most were white—"or for all the money I was making. It was more than a lot of people wanted to accept at that particular time. So there was a backlash."

"I mean," Chamberlain continues, "I would go to the Boston Garden. After the game I'm standing outside signing autographs, and Bill Russell is walking through the crowd signing none. But Bill Russell they didn't have a fear of. He was a married man, to a black woman, with black kids, living a very unobtrusive type of life, not stepping on anyone's toes. I was talking about integration, and I was refusing to play ball in any town that

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS (2)

## Hoopla in Hershey

Once—it was 1962—Wilt Chamberlain scored 100 points in an NBA game. It was a performance surrounded by fantasy played in Hershey, Pa., where the main street, Chocolate Avenue, is lined with lamps shaped like Hershey's Kisses.

On a brisk March afternoon in 1962, Wilt and his Philadelphia Warriors arrived in Hershey for a neutral-court game against the New York Knicks. The Big Dipper was then a 25-year-old sensation, averaging more than 50 points per game.

Though he hadn't slept a minute the night before—after a date in New York, he drove to Philadelphia to catch the team bus—there were signs that this might be a good night. On the bus, Chamberlain had beaten his teammates out of all their change in a card game. Relaxing before the game, Wilt found a pinball machine and broke its scoring record.

Still, Wilt hadn't planned on scoring big that night. Privately, at least, he had resolved to cool his personal point production. His 50-plus average was a huge burden. Fans had come to expect 50 points every game, and critics were calling him a selfish gunner.

For their part, the Knicks were determined to hold Wilt down. In last place, they wanted to avoid the embarrassment of a Wilt score-a-thon, like the record 78 he had scored against the Lakers three months earlier. In a pregame newspaper

interview, some Knicks declared their intention to run the big man into the ground.

In the first quarter Chamberlain hit nine of nine free throws, almost miraculous for a notoriously poor foul shooter. By halftime he had racked up 41 points, a league record. In the third quarter he scored 28 more, yet another league record.



*Chamberlain was mobbed by fans after his 100-point game against the New York Knicks.*

The wear-Wilt-down strategy clearly was backfiring, so the Knicks slowed the tempo. Still Wilt pounded away at the hoop with finger rolls, tip-ins and Dipper dunks. As the arena's public address announcer kept the fans posted on Wilt's growing point total, the crowd began to chant, "Give it to Wilt, give it to Wilt,"

and then, "We want a hundred."

His teammates were happy to comply, feeding the big man on every possession. With less than a minute remaining and Wilt at 98, Joe Ruklick, a reserve Warrior forward, passed him the ball near the hoop. Chamberlain wheeled and dunked.

The crowd stormed the court, and since the Warriors had an insurmountable lead (169-147), the referees declared the game over. With 46 seconds left on the clock, this highly unusual decision may have cost Wilt a chance to score again.

Chamberlain sprinted to the locker room, the ball tucked under his arm and two fans riding his back. His tally: 36 field goals out of 63 attempts, 28 of 32 free throws. The combined score of both teams set another league record.

With no TV coverage or film of the game, only the 4,124 fans in the arena got to see the greatest scoring feat in NBA history. The closest any other player has come was Denver Nugget David Thompson's 73-point game in 1978.

Chamberlain loves his records, but the 100-point game is not one of his favorites. "You get downgraded all the time because you're a scorer," Wilt says, adding that he also had 25 rebounds that night and that his team won the game.

"Hey," Wilt bristles, still battling his critics, "somebody's got to put the ball in the damn basket." —S. O.



booked our players in separate hotels."

Even today, Wilt broods about his place in basketball history. Since retiring in 1973 with career averages of 30.1 in scoring and 22.9 in rebounding, Wilt has lived the high life of a wealthy bachelor. Yet he cannot seem to put his career peacefully to rest. He is still obsessed with his rivals, chiefly Bill Russell (Celtics, 1956 to 1969) and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (Milwaukee Bucks and L.A. Lakers, 1969 to 1989).

"I still love sports, and I'm a proud man," Chamberlain says. "I resent it when I watch a game on TV and every time a shot is blocked the announcers say, 'That's how Russell used to do it.' Like I never blocked a shot. Why didn't they keep stats on blocks then, so people could see I blocked twice as many shots as Russell? The point is, he gets credit for being the supreme shot-blocker. I don't ever hear them say, 'That's how Wilt did it.'"

"I invented shots. The finger roll. The slam dunk? That's mine! You'd think that Dr. J (Julius Erving) was the first guy who really dunked the basketball. They talk about how graceful Kareem is. Have you ever watched him run? I mean, when you see [7-foot-4 center] Ralph Sampson dribbling and the announcer says, 'No big man has ever handled the ball like that'—Hey! I did that s--- for years!"

Russell, who played on 11 NBA championship teams to Wilt's two (most experts allow that Russell had a stronger supporting cast), took himself off Wilt's Christmas-card list forever when he questioned Chamberlain's courage and competitiveness. After Wilt was rebuffed by Lakers coach Van Breda Kolff for his timeout on the bench in 1969, Russell bragged that he would never have gone to the bench in the first place. "Any injury short of a broken leg or a broken back," Russell said, "isn't good enough."

Abdul-Jabbar, who scored more career points than Wilt (but played six more seasons) and was on six championship teams (five of them co-starring Earvin "Magic" Johnson), wrote in his 1983 autobiography that Chamberlain "has a place of special honor in the history of basketball. He personally made the game progress, brought the big man from clod to control-



*Today the debonair bachelor businessman amuses himself with thoughts of a comeback. Who's laughing?*

ling factor. . . . Wilt was not perfect, however. He wasn't the best competitor; he didn't have the most savvy as far as how to make his team win."

Red Auerbach, Russell's coach and most loyal supporter, wrote that Chamberlain "was a giant among giants, a great athlete. But he should have been so much better than he was. He was more interested in his own contributions than he was in the welfare of his teams. That's why Russell was better. He played with his head. He was better motivated. And most of all, he had the bigger heart."

But in an informal poll of league coaches, sportswriters and former players, conducted in 1988 by the *Philadelphia Daily News*, Chamberlain was named the greatest center of all time, followed by Russell and Abdul-Jabbar. Chamberlain may have benefited from the home-press advantage in that poll, and he may also have been assisted by his personal popularity. Russell can be brusque and aloof, while Chamberlain thrives on human contact and spirited interchange.

"Wilt is the same way now he was then," says former sportswriter Kiseda. "Every writer in America had his home phone number, and if you were stuck for a story you could always call Wilt. He was

always a fun guy to be around. One night we walked out of the Boston Garden, Wilt picks up a push broom and challenges me to a contest balancing the thing on our thumbs. And naturally, he's the winner."

He was popular with the players, too. Former Laker Rudy LaRusso remembers one preseason bus tour with Wilt and the rest of the team. "Wilt would always hold court in the back of the bus," LaRusso says. "He would conjure up arguments, spout out opinions, tease guys. He'd do this by the hour, in the big voice of his, and he would have everybody laughing."

Today, Chamberlain still likes to laugh, and to needle and debate and pontificate and have a good time. A successful businessman, he also enjoys making money. The nightclubs he bought during his NBA years earned him more money than his basketball salary, and he has multiplied his fortune through investments in stocks and real estate. He is soon to begin marketing a high-performance sports car he helped to design, called—what else?—the Chamberlain.

He lives in a penthouse overlooking Waikiki Beach in Hawaii and in a hilltop home in L.A., complete with a retractable bedroom ceiling that allows him to contemplate his favorite constellation—the Big Dipper.

Wilt plays beach volleyball and tennis, rides a mountain bike and, when he can find a horse with legs longer than his, plays polo. "I love athletics more today than I did when I was a kid," he says, "although sometimes I have to remind myself that I'm over 50 now."

In a game where virtually all superstars are over the hill at 35, at least once a year a rumor surfaces that some NBA team is talking to Wilt about coming out of retirement. He says he is too busy having fun to consider the offers. However. . . .

"Without a doubt, I could go out and play 20 minutes a game," Wilt says. "I could deal with the centers of today. . . . It would take me a little while to get back in game shape, but if I couldn't get me 10, 11 rebounds a game, hallelujah! . . . I couldn't keep up with that boy from Houston [NBA center Akeem Olajuwon], but who can? I don't see a problem scoring off any of them."





# A MATTER

**F**or Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, 1959 had been a wonderful year, his first as California's governor. Everything the owl-ish, energetic Democrat touched turned to law. A sweeping water-resources program was in place; a new fair employment practices act was protecting citizens' right to work; a plan to revamp the state's higher education system had been drafted. Newspapers were already comparing Brown to the two previous California governors he admired most, Earl Warren and Hiram Johnson. There was even talk about Brown as a candidate for Vice President in the 1960 election.

Then, abruptly, the honeymoon was over. Within a few months, Pat Brown was fighting for his political life, ready to quit or be recalled. And all because of his handling of the case of an unrepentant criminal named Caryl Chessman.

Chessman had been in and out of prison since he was 16, convicted of stealing cars and holding up liquor stores and gas stations. His family had moved from St. Joseph, Mich., to Los Angeles shortly after his birth in 1921, and a series of illnesses, accidents and financial reverses had turned the bright youngster into a troubled teen-ager and, later, a petty hoodlum. By the time he was 25, Chessman was the leader of a gang that specialized in robbing brothels and illegal gambling parlors. Then, in January 1948, arrested after a car chase and shootout as a suspect in an armed robbery of a men's clothing store, Chessman found himself in big trouble.

The Los Angeles police had been investigating five so-called "red light" robberies and sexual assaults on the mountain roads above the city. A man matching Chessman's general description had been driving up to couples in parked cars, flashing a red spotlight to make them think he was in a police vehicle, then robbing the

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*Caryl Chessman, here leaving a court hearing in January 1960, never killed anyone, yet his crime was punishable by death.*

# OF LIFE OR DEATH

couples and forcing some of the women to engage in oral sex.

A penlight and a .45 automatic pistol found in Chessman's stolen Ford were similar to those used in the crimes, and several of the victims identified Chessman in a lineup. He was charged with eight counts of robbery, two counts of sexual perversion and—most important—three counts of violation of Section 209 of the California Penal Code, the "Little Lindbergh Law": kidnapping with intent to commit robbery. (Three of the women had been taken short distances from their cars.) If bodily harm was involved, Section 209 was punishable by death.

Advised that the case against him was strong and that he ought to consider negotiating a guilty plea for a lesser sentence, Chessman decided not only to stand trial but to be his own lawyer. Facing an experienced prosecutor named J. Miller Leavy and a judge, Charles W. Fricke, who to this day holds the state record for felons sentenced to death, Chessman was seriously overmatched. At his trial in May 1948, Chessman admitted he was a thief but noted that he had no record as a sex offender. He argued that the police pinned the "red light" crimes on him because he had been robbing gamblers who were under police protection. He produced alibi witnesses for the times of some of the crimes, but Leavy's cross-examination discredited much of their testimony.

The jury deliberated for two days before finding Chessman guilty on all but one of the counts. They also found the crucial "bodily harm" present in the form of the sexual abuse in two of the three kidnapping charges and recommended the death penalty. Judge Fricke agreed, sentencing Chessman to death and adding 61 years in prison for the other offenses.

The first court stenographer died before he could finish transcribing his notes, and

DICK ADLER is the co-author, with Pat Brown, of *Public Justice, Private Mercy*. His first mystery novel, *The Mozart Code*, will be published later this year.

## 30 YEARS AGO: CALIFORNIA GOVERNOR STAYS CONTROVERSIAL EXECUTION

*The case of an unrepentant criminal named Caryl Chessman split the nation on capital punishment.*

**By Dick Adler**



Chessman meets the press after the Supreme Court grants his eighth stay.

the man brought in to complete the job was an alcoholic related by marriage to prosecutor Leavy. The seriously botched trial transcript he produced would later provide the basis for most of Chessman's appeals.

Chessman arrived at San Quentin Prison just north of San Francisco on July 3, 1948. He was locked into cell 2455 on death row, which was to be his home for nearly 12 years. From it, he mounted a massive legal and literary attack on the courts and on public opinion. He wrote four books; the first, *Cell 2455 Death Row*, became a best seller in 1954. With

proceeds from it, he hired lawyers to bombard state and Federal courts with hundreds of petitions.

In the years before Brown became governor, Chessman had already managed to avoid six scheduled executions, often receiving judicial stays less than 24 hours before he was to go to the gas chamber.

Brown made his first official decision



on Chessman in October 1959, 10 days before the criminal's seventh scheduled execution date. After a hearing, Brown denied a petition for clemency, saying that "no case in modern history has received more careful scrutiny." He added that while he was personally opposed to capital punishment—especially in a case like this, where no murder was involved—he had also "sworn to uphold and faithfully execute the laws of this State." (Brown also knew that because Chessman had previous felony convictions, Brown was bound by law to get the consent of the California Supreme Court to grant clemency. A conversation with Chief Justice Phil Gibson, a friend, convinced the Governor that the court would vote four to three against clemency.)

Then, as had already happened so many times, 48 hours before his scheduled execution, Chessman was granted a stay—this time by U.S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, while the rest of the Court considered the latest request for a review. In December, the nation's highest court turned down the request without comment, and a new execution date of Feb. 19, 1960, was set.

The already considerable public clamor surrounding the case swelled. "Eleanor Roosevelt, Aldous Huxley, Ray Bradbury, Steve Allen and Bishop James Pike

were only a few of the well-known people who wrote or called me to ask for clemency," recalls Brown (who, at the age of 84, still practices law in Los Angeles). In addition to those who opposed capital punishment under any circumstances, Chessman's supporters included people who believed him innocent and those who felt the punishment inappropriate to a crime in which no one died. "Groups of all kinds—ethnic, religious, educational, anti-capital punishment—marched regularly in San Francisco's Union Square and outside the gates of San Quentin," Brown remembers. "But while most of the demonstrations were pro-Chessman, the thousands of letters and postcards which poured into my office were almost evenly split, showing just how divisive the issue was." (To this day, Brown himself believes that Chessman perpetrated the "red light" crimes.)

One week before the Feb. 19 execution date, Judge Richard Chambers of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in Tucson, Ariz., seemed to close the door on Chessman for good when he rejected every point raised in a new petition. To Chessman's contention that his 11-plus years on Death Row constituted the "cruel and unusual punishment" forbidden by the Constitution, Judge Chambers responded, "True, it would be hell for most people. But here

is no ordinary man. I think he has heckled his keeper long enough."

On the afternoon of Feb. 18, Chessman spoke to a few selected reporters. Asked how he felt, he replied, "Steady as a rock. I've learned—or rather my system has learned—that I have to be like this, or else I'd have been reduced long ago to a gibbering idiot. If I let myself have a physical reaction, my system would be pumping out those juices in the wrong direction." He assured the reporters that he hadn't given up hope. "I'm innocent. I didn't commit those crimes." Did he regard himself as a martyr? "No, I think I hardly qualify," he answered.

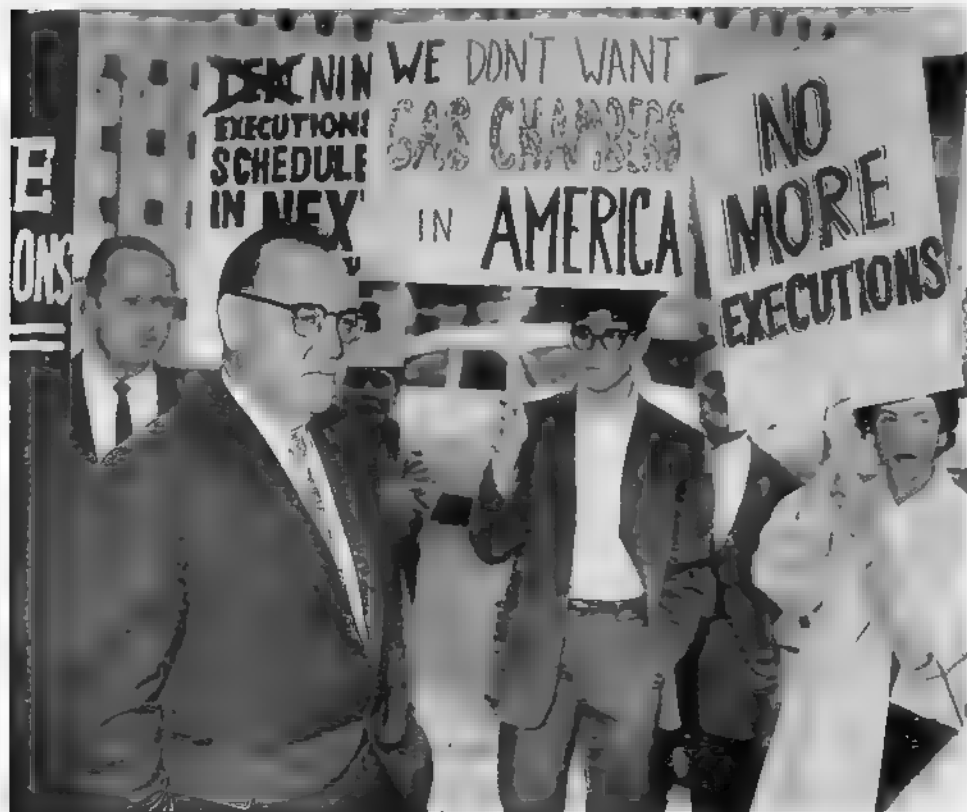
At 4:30 P.M., Chessman was taken from his cell to a holding cell downstairs, only a few steps from the gas chamber. Dressed in blue denims, white shirt and felt slippers, Chessman ate sparingly: fried chicken, French fries, two kinds of pie and coffee. Warden Fred Dickson came to the cell. He and Chessman talked for several hours.

Brown recalls that on the night before the scheduled execution, following a long and argumentative dinner with his staff, he agreed that he "would do nothing to halt the execution. To that end, I had all the telephones [in the Governor's Mansion] disconnected except for one private line." To those who reached him he said the same thing: There was nothing more he could or would do for Chessman.

But at about 9 P.M., the phone rang again. It was the Governor's 22-year-old son, Jerry, who had recently left the Jesuit order after three and a half years to become a pre-law student at Berkeley. Jerry, who was himself to become a two-term California governor and who now serves as chairman of the state's Democratic Party, was calling to urge his father to do something to save Chessman.

"Son, there's nothing I can do," the younger Brown recalls his father as saying. "He reminded me that he needed the consent of the State Supreme Court in order to commute, and the vote would go four to three against Chessman. I said that he could give him a 60-day stay, and then ask the State Legislature to vote for a moratorium on the death penalty. Dad said, 'There's one chance in a thousand that the Legislature will vote for a moratorium. They've turned down the last eight in a row.' So I said, 'But Dad, if you were a doctor and there was one chance in a thousand of saving a patient's life, wouldn't you take it?'"

"There was a long pause. Then Dad



Edmund G. (Pat) Brown in 1960: "Searching my soul for an excuse to do something."

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

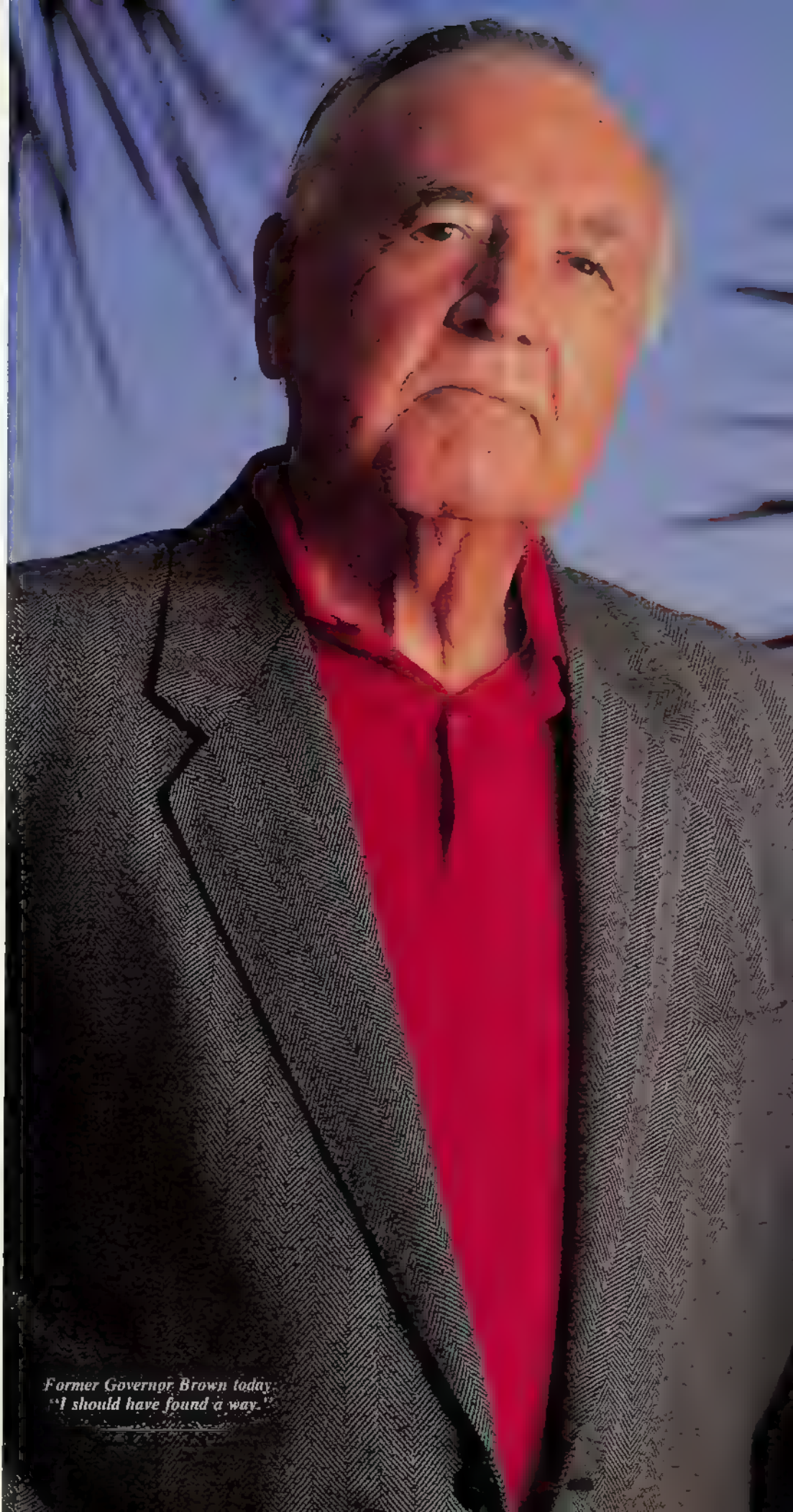
said, 'Son, you're right. I'll do it.' " Jerry could hardly believe he'd persuaded his father so easily. But Brown Senior remembers that he "had been searching my soul for an excuse to do something." Then, when he phoned Clemency Secretary Cecil Poole to inform him of his decision to grant the stay, Brown got a cover story as well. "He brought over a telegram—one of the hundreds that were still pouring in to my office—from Roy Rubptum Jr., an Assistant Secretary of State, who warned that the growing world hysteria surrounding Chessman's execution might ignite hostile demonstrations and endanger President Eisenhower's upcoming visit to Montevideo, Uruguay. It provided me with the public excuse I needed to justify my decision to give Chessman a stay, and in the days ahead I mentioned the telegram often but played down my conversation with Jerry."

Warden Dickson was still talking with Chessman in his holding cell when Brown called at midnight to tell him about the 60-day reprieve. Dickson gave Chessman the news. "Warden, you wouldn't be kidding me, would you?" Chessman said. "Just a second—let me get myself together. I had resigned myself that this was it." Then he added, "Tell the Governor I'm grateful."

The anti-Chessman, pro-capital punishment forces now had a new target: Pat Brown. The Governor was hanged in effigy in Modesto, Long Beach and West Los Angeles and booed at his every public appearance. Even members of his own party accused him of weakness, cowardice and passing the buck to the State Legislature. A state assemblyman announced that he was starting a recall movement to remove Brown from office. After a highly emotional legislative hearing in March, Brown's proposed moratorium on the death penalty was defeated in committee by a vote of eight to seven.

Shortly after a Los Angeles judge set a new execution date for Chessman—May 2, 1960—*Argosy* magazine sent writer William Read Woodfield to San Quentin in the hope of getting Chessman's confession. Instead, Chessman gave Woodfield clues to the man he alleged was the real "red light" bandit (a small-time hood named Charlie Terranova). Woodfield came away from Chessman convinced the convict was innocent. "I found him to be a very straightforward man with enormous dignity," says Woodfield—today a TV producer—"a far cry from the shifty criminal type I'd been expecting."

The actress Phyllis Kirk, who was ac-



*Former Governor Brown today:  
"I should have found a way."*



tive in the movement to save Chessman and met with him several times, has a vivid memory of their last session. "I noticed he was wearing glasses, something I'd never seen on him before, and I asked about them," remembers Kirk. "He smiled and said the prison eye doctor had told him that unless he started wearing glasses, his eyesight would begin to fade. So, less than three weeks before his execution, he started wearing glasses."

In Sausalito, across the San Francisco Bay from San Quentin, a giant torch was lit on a hillside in April by anti-capital punishment activists—to burn until Chessman was reprieved or executed. World figures as diverse as Albert Schweitzer and Brigitte Bardot sent telegrams asking for mercy for Chessman. And on the night of May 1, hundreds of protesters—including Marlon Brando and Shirley MacLaine—camped out on the

lawn of the Governor's Mansion in Sacramento. As television cameras rolled, Pat Brown emerged to tell them once again that there was nothing more he could do.

On the morning of May 2, the State Supreme Court convened at 8 A.M., two hours before Chessman's ninth scheduled execution, to hear an appeal from Chessman's lawyers based on the *Argosy* "evidence." At 9:15, a clerk told the waiting lawyers that the court had denied the writ by a vote of four to three. The lawyers raced to the Federal Courthouse, where a judge was ready to hear another last-minute plea. Reporters on the steps delayed the lawyers for a minute. A slow elevator took more time: It was after 10 A.M. when Judge Louis E. Goodman looked up from the papers handed to him and said, "I will grant you at least a 30-minute stay while I study this." He asked his secretary to phone the prison; she dialed a wrong number. When the judge finally got through, an assistant warden told him that the cyanide pellets had already dropped into the acid; the execution was too far along to stop. Caryl Chessman was declared dead at 10:12 A.M.

World reaction was as strong as had been predicted: Crowds attacked United States Embassies in Lisbon, Stockholm, Montevideo and dozens of other cities in Europe and South America. At the Democratic National Convention in July, Brown was booed when his name was placed in nomination as a favorite son. By December 1961, following Richard Nixon's loss to John F. Kennedy in the Presidential election and Nixon's subsequent declaration of candidacy for the governorship of California, Brown was so far behind Nixon in the polls that, in a meeting with California Congressmen, he offered to withdraw from the race. The offer was rejected.

Nixon—a strong supporter of capital punishment—used the issue to attack Brown whenever he could. Despite the attacks, Brown was re-elected Governor by 200,000 votes out of 4.6 million cast.

But Caryl Chessman's shadow hung over his second term. In the 1966 California gubernatorial election Ronald Reagan used the issue of capital punishment to defeat Brown by almost a million votes, launching one national political career and scuttling another.

"I should have found a way to spare Chessman's life," Brown says today. ■

*The world reacts. Clockwise from left: Protesters near the Paris Opera; news of a reprieve reaches Chile; Vatican priests sign petitions; Marlon Brando, Steve Allen and Shirley MacLaine come to Sacramento to urge that Chessman be spared.*



# The Death Penalty Today

By Alan M. Dershowitz

The United States is the only Western democracy in which the death penalty is alive and well. After a moratorium—and near-judicial abolition—which began in 1967 and ended in 1976, 13 states, primarily in the South, have executed some 120 prisoners.

This figure represents only a small fraction of the roughly 2,300 condemned inmates who are currently on death row.

All 2,300 have been convicted of murder. The Supreme Court has essentially outlawed the death penalty for rape, robbery and other crimes for which thousands of Americans were—like Caryl Chessman—executed during the first 180 years of our history.

The racial composition of the death row population and, even more important, of their victims points to the different values our society places on the lives of white Americans and Americans of color. Of those executed since 1976, not a single individual was a white person convicted of killing a black person. Today, a black defendant convicted of murdering a white person is still about 10 times more likely to receive the death penalty than a white defendant convicted of murdering a black person. Before 1967, the disparity was even greater, especially for rape.

The vast majority of death row inmates, like the vast majority of other convicted felons, are guilty of the crimes they were charged with. But there can be little doubt that among the 2,300 condemned inmates, there are some who are factually innocent. Our system is simply not perfect. We know this because, in recent years, several defendants who are now acknowledged to have been innocent came very close to being executed.

Other death row inmates, though probably factually guilty, have been the victims of unfair trials or sentencing procedures. A considerable number of capital convictions are set aside each year on legal grounds. Others are affirmed despite the unfairness, because of the inadequacy of the legal representation on appeal.

The inmates on death row are not necessarily the 2,300 most culpable or dangerous murderers. They are a group consisting primarily of indigent defendants who had the wrong lawyers or who murdered the wrong victims, in the wrong states, at the wrong times. Most of these will probably never be executed. They will spend several years on death row, and then their convictions will be reversed, their sen-

tences revoked or commuted, or they will die of natural causes or by their own hand (there have been 27 suicides over the past 13 years).

The long delays between conviction and execution have prompted some judges and legislators—led by Chief Justice William Rehnquist—to call for a “streamlining” of our death penalty system. The unstated goal of such streamlining is to speed up the process of execution and clear up the backlog of condemned prisoners. Those, like Chief Justice Rehnquist, who advocate streamlining would like to see executions follow relatively soon after the death sentence is imposed, instead of allowing for long delays by appeal.

But it is unlikely that we will see any significant increase in the pace of execution. The taking of a human life by the State is serious business, requiring deliberation and permitting no shortcuts.

One of the major bottlenecks in the system is the absence of experienced lawyers in death penalty cases. As many as 700 of the 2,300 inmates on death row do not have lawyers actively involved in their cases. This is because the Supreme Court has required the appointment of counsel only for the trial and on the first appeal.

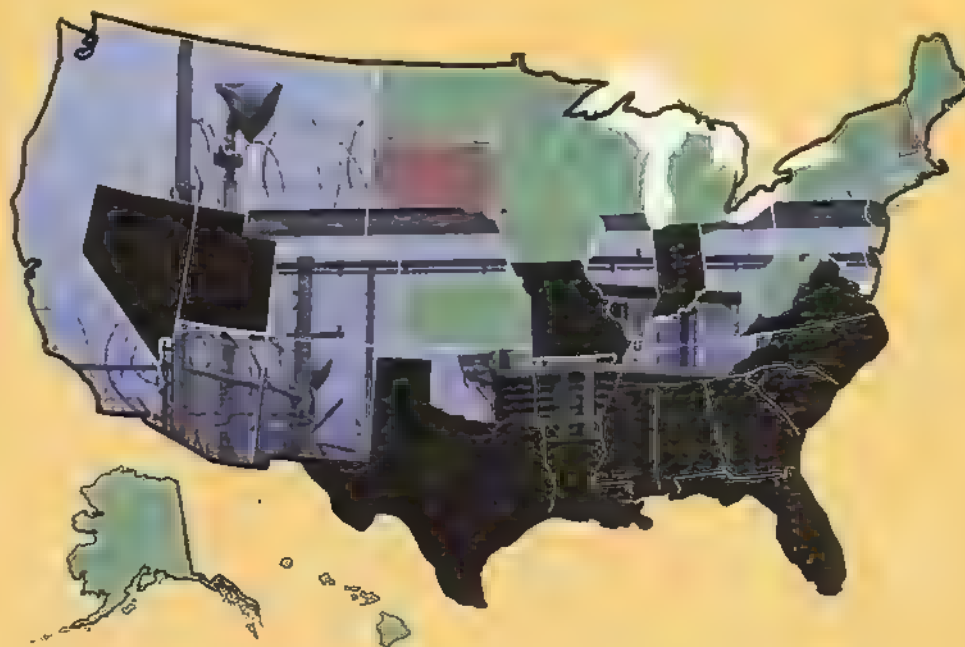
After the first appeal, the condemned person is on his own—until the eve of execution, when “emergency room” lawyers are recruited to make a last, usually desperate effort to stop the execution.

I feel the best way to avoid unnecessary delays in capital cases would be to provide for competent counsel from the day of arrest to the day of execution. Death row is the emergency ward of our legal system, and it is a continuing scandal that there are not enough lawyers—in the most over-lawyered society in the history of the world—willing to attend to those who most need legal help.

At the moment, the death penalty is primarily a symbolic sentence, since it is carried out in proportionately few cases. As such, it probably has little deterrent impact. But we are at a decisive juncture. The next several years will determine whether we are actually prepared to execute large numbers of convicted murderers, or whether the death penalty will gradually be abolished by disuse.

ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ is a professor at Harvard Law School. His most recent book is *Taking Liberties: A Decade of Hard Cases, Bad Laws and Bum Raps*.

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT U.S.A.



■ Executions Carried Out  
■ Executions Pending

■ Death Penalty on Books  
■ No Death Penalty



# CAPRI

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Menthol, 9 mg "tar", 0.7 mg nicotine, Regular, 9 mg "tar", 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. © 1989 B&W T Co.

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FEBRUARY AND MARCH

# 1965

25 YEARS AGO

## BOMB PLOT

**Feb. 16** Three members of the Black Liberation Front and a Canadian collaborator were arrested in New York today and charged with plotting to blow up the Statue of Liberty, the Washington Monument and the Liberty Bell. The aim of militants Robert Collier, Walter Bowe and Khaleel Sayyed, according to Collier, was to dramatize the struggle of American blacks for equal rights. Police made the arrests after dynamite intended for the Statue of Liberty was brought to New York by Michelle Duclos, a member of a militant Quebec separatist group with whom the black activists had formed ties.



Collier



Bowe



Sayyed

**Update** In June 1965 the three men were convicted of smuggling explosives and conspiring to damage Government property. Collier got a five-year sentence, Bowe three years and Sayyed 1½ years. Duclos, who had pleaded guilty to the smuggling charge, got a five-year suspended sentence and was ordered out of the United States.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

## A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE

**March 8** In a unanimous decision, the U.S. Supreme Court today broadened the interpretation of a section of the draft law which allows exemptions from combat service based on "an individual's belief in a relation to a supreme being." The Court ruled that a conscientious objector need not adhere to a formal religion to qualify, if his beliefs could be shown to occupy "a place in [his] life ... parallel to that filled by

the orthodox belief in God of one who clearly qualifies for the exemption."

**Update** In 1970 the Court further broadened the interpretation of the law, saying that those with certain "beliefs which are purely ethical or moral in source or content" might also qualify as conscientious objectors. From 1964 through 1973, more than 171,000 Americans were officially recognized as having C.O. status.

## GOODBYE TO A KING AND A JESTER

**Feb. 15** Nat "King" Cole, the balladeer whose hits included "Mona Lisa" and "Nature Boy," died of cancer today at 45. Born Nathaniel Coles in Montgomery, Ala., his first hit was "Straighten Up and Fly Right" in 1943. A long string of successes followed; in Cole's lifetime, his record sales topped 50 million.

**Feb. 23** Stan Laurel, the skinny half of the Laurel and Hardy comedy team, died of a heart attack today at age 74. Born in England, Laurel worked in American vaudeville before meeting Hardy in Hollywood. Their first movie was a 1927 silent short, *Do Detectives Think?*; they would go on to make about 100 films together, including such classics as *The Music Box*, a 1933 Oscar winner.



PHOTOFEST

## Serious Business

**Feb. 7** Air war in Vietnam escalates as President Johnson sends bombers into North Vietnam ... **Feb. 10** Dow Chemical begins marketing one-shot measles vaccine for lifelong immunity ... **March 3** Congress approves bill granting \$1.1 billion in aid to Appalachia ... **March 5** Journalist Edward R. Murrow is made an Honorary Knight Commander by Queen Elizabeth ... **March 5** Longshoremen's union returns to work after 55-day strike that has cost economy \$2.2 billion ... **March 8-9** Two battalions of Marines land at Danang, becoming first U.S. combat troops committed to Vietnam.

## Final Frontier

**Feb. 17-20** Ranger 8 heads for moon; takes more than 7,000 photos before crashing into lunar surface ... **March 18** Aleksei Leonov, tethered to the Voskhod 2, takes man's first walk in space ... **March 23** First occupied two-man space capsule, Gemini 3, goes aloft with Gus Grissom and John Young aboard.

## Entertainment

**Books** *Markings* by Dag Hammarskjöld sits atop non-fiction best-seller list; ex-schoolteacher Bel Kaufman publishes *Up the Down Staircase*. **Film** Peter O'Toole has the lead in *Lord Jim*; *The Greatest Story Ever Told* stars Max Von Sydow; Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland are cousins in *Hush*. . . *Hush*, *Sweet Charlotte*.





# Sophia's C

25 YEARS AGO:  
YOUR MARRIAGE IS INVALID, SAID THE COURT

*Sophia Loren's 'bigamy' case declared invalid  
1965 court decision still rings in ears of fans*

By Israel Shenker

**F**or a screen star who has reigned with regal beauty, Sophia Loren has had some unsettling times in her life.

Just 25 years ago, on Feb. 8, 1965, a Roman court declared that Sophia's 1957 proxy marriage to the Italian film producer Carlo Ponti was invalid. The reason? His Mexican divorce from Giuliana Fiastri, his first wife, was itself invalid.


The legal problems were instigated not by Fiastri but by a Milane housewife named Luisa Brambilla, who, availing herself of every Italian citizen's right to bring criminal charges against any other Italian citizen, demanded that Sophia and Ponti be indicted on charges of bigamy. There was no divorce in Italy, and the fact that an estimated three million other Italians were living peacefully in what the government and the Vatican called concubinage was beside the point. The point was that these two were celebrities who should be made an example of.

The sinners were ordered to stand trial in Rome on July 6, 1965, but by then they had safely absented themselves in London, where obstacles to their marriage began to seem insurmountable. It was the first Mrs. Ponti who fi-

ISRAEL SHENKER, formerly a correspondent for Time magazine and The New York Times, now writes from his home in Scotland.



# Choice



Ponti was old enough  
to be both a wise  
counselor and a  
substantial father  
figure for Sophia.



nally came up with the answer. Go to France, she said, take French citizenship, and we'll get a French divorce. This is exactly what Ponti did, and in April 1966, at a discreet ceremony performed by the mayor of Sèvres, a Paris suburb, Sophia became the second Mrs. Ponti.

"Since then," Sophia told MEMORIES, "even though I have had so many problems in Italy, I am French."

This complex web and the world's focus on it was far away from the simple fundamentals of the start. Sophia began in

1934 as a thin, ugly baby who seemed destined to be the family scarecrow. Her mother, Romilda Villani, was not married to her father, Riccardo Scicolone; indeed, she was not even living with him. Romilda was a very beautiful woman who, at 17, had won a Greta Garbo look-alike contest held by M-G-M throughout Italy. The prize was an all-expense-paid trip to Hollywood, but her mother refused to let her go. As time passed, Romilda continued to dream of a career in films, but reality dictated a scrabble for existence in Pozzuoli, the small suburb of Naples where she lived.

All eight members of the family—Sophia, her younger sister, mother, grandfather and grandmother, plus two uncles and an aunt—slept in one bedroom. Sophia herself has said that until she left Pozzuoli she did not sleep in a bed occupied by fewer than three people. Because she was skinny, her classmates nicknamed her "Stecchino" (Stick). "I felt always a stranger among the girls who had a father," she once stated. "I felt always a kind of exception. They used to talk among themselves. You know how children are sometimes. Very cruel, very cruel. So I used to go to school either at five to nine when everybody was almost

in, or at eight o'clock because nobody was there."

"I was suffering in silence," Sophia went on. "I was always with my grandparents, with my mother, with my aunt. They always made me participate in their talk about 'What are we going to eat tomorrow?' I was not a child with no thoughts, a happy child. Never."

When World War II bombardments began, the family sought refuge with relatives in Naples, who reluctantly took them in but offered them no food, and in fact carefully hid what provisions they had. During air raids they sought shelter in a railroad tunnel. Sophia had one dress, and she was almost always hungry.

Postwar, back in Pozzuoli, she was not a scholar, although she had thoughts of becoming a teacher. To earn money for ice cream she sold colored images of the Madonna—often stolen. Slowly the scarecrow was turning into a striking young lady, and when her mother read of a beauty contest in Naples for girls at least 15 years old, she entered Sophia, who was 14 but tall, almost stately. Grandmother made the required evening dress—as Margaret Mitchell wrote the scene for Scarlett O'Hara—out of a pink curtain. Sophia was chosen one of 12 Princesses—not Queen—of the Sea. Her prize was 23,000 lire (about \$35), a tablecloth with 12 matching napkins, a railroad ticket to Rome and several rolls of wallpaper—which the family promptly applied to the Pozzuoli living room.

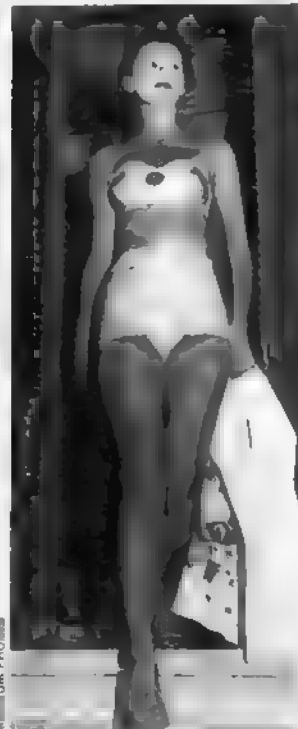
Her mother enrolled her in a Naples "drama school." The faculty consisted of one teacher, a former actor, whose technique was limited to showing the students how to make faces. In her autobiography, Sophia described The Method, Neapolitan Style: "Horror, joy, despair, ecstasy, love, anger, whatever—the professor had a specific face for each and every emotion. Joy—both eyebrows up with the mouth formed in an O; skepticism—one eyebrow up; horror—big eyes; pain—little eyes. And so on. The professor had never accepted the passing of silent movies."

Actually, Sophia's training stood her in good stead when she got work in Rome posing for *fumetti*—comic strips using photographs rather than cartoons, with dialogue in little smoke balloons. She was paid 20,000 lire for each strip and gained a following of sorts. Admirers papered their walls with her image. The director, rejecting her family name, Scicolone, as too plebeian, changed it to Lazzaro. One fan suggested that this was because she could



OUTLINE PRESS

Above: Schoolmates called Sophia "stick"; at 14 she entered a beauty contest. Below: Her mother (center) dreamed of a movie career. Her sister wed Mussolini's son.



AT JIM PHOTO



SIMONCLOBE PHOTOS

## STARRING SOPHIA LOREN



AIDA  
(1953)



GOLD OF NAPLES  
(1954) with unidentified actor



THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION  
(1957) with Cary Grant and  
Frank Sinatra



BOY ON A DOLPHIN  
(1957) with Alan Ladd

raise men from the dead.

In 1951, at 17, Sophia entered a Miss Roma beauty contest on the spur of the moment. One of the judges was a portly, balding movie producer about 40 years old named Carlo Ponti (accounts vary, but several put his birthday at Dec. 11, 1910). After the contest (Sophia came in second), he told her that he had discovered Gina Lollobrigida, Alida Valli and Silvano Manganò. He offered her a screen test and eventually a seven-year contract. She declined. "I never believed in contracts for such a long time," she explained later. She did, however, accept his attentions.

By this time she had already made her first film appearance, as an extra in the 1950 *Quo Vadis*. She said yes when director Mervyn LeRoy asked her if she spoke English, despite the fact that she did not. He discovered the truth, and she got no lines. But soon afterwards she began talking in Italian films, usually phrases like "Good morning, madam, how are you?" "I was the servant generally, in fact always," she remembers.

She got her first starring role in 1952 in *Africa Under the Seas*. The producer decided to change her name and, because he had been working with Swedish actress Marta Toren, suggested Sophia Loren. When she signed up for the movie she was asked if she could swim. Again Sophia said yes—and almost drowned while making the film.

In her next starring role, as Aida, she again had to hold her breath: The singing was dubbed by lyric soprano Renata Tebaldi. To prepare for the role Sophia listened for hours to records of Tebaldi's Aida, mouthing the words.

From 1952 through 1955 she made 21 films, including the international success

*Gold of Naples*, directed by Vittorio De Sica, a lifelong friend whom she reveres. "If I know anything about this business," she says today, "it is because I had a wonderful maestro like him. Ours was a wonderful relationship. We didn't even need to speak. I would know right away if what I was doing were right or wrong."

She also made such clinkers as *The Sign of Venus*. "I was nothing," she later recalled. "Not even the sign. It was the

story of a pretty girl and an ugly girl, and the ugly girl got everything." "You were the pretty girl?" she was asked. "Of course," she answered. She got her big break in 1957 when she worked in Spain with Cary Grant and Frank Sinatra on *The Pride and the Passion*. In short order, she was invited to Hollywood to make *Desire Under the Elms* with Anthony Perkins. Sophia says the two of them lacked chemistry. So did the movie.



In 1958 Sophia made *Houseboat* with Cary Grant. Off-screen, she turned down his marriage proposal.



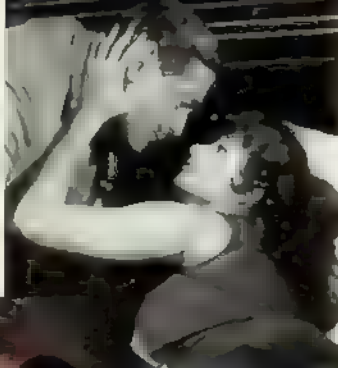
**THE BLACK ORCHID**  
(1959) with Anthony Quinn



**DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS**  
(1958) with Anthony Perkins



**IT STARTED IN NAPLES**  
(1960) with Clark Gable



PICORAL PARADE



**TWO WOMEN**  
(1961)



PHOTO/ST (3)

**EL CID**  
(1961) with Charlton Heston



UP/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Her leading men came in all shapes and sizes. She remembers that John Wayne "was exactly as advertised. Big, authoritative, gruff but polite, and a pro through and through." On seeing rushes with her, he drawled, "You know, kid, you've got it." She remembers Frank Sinatra saying to her every day, "Sophia, this morning I love you," and then walking away. And, later in the day: "Would you like some booze?" Sinatra turned her on to Ella Fitzgerald, calling Fitzgerald's singing "the greatest thing your ears will hear during your entire life." For that alone, Sophia

*When the Italian courts accused the couple of bigamy they had to be discreet about meeting. Their troubles were resolved after they were legally married in 1966.*

adds, "Frank taught me a lot."

Cary Grant called her "Skicky," from Scicolone. He told her how relieved he was to find a girl with the concentration and power to be still and look into the eyes of an actor, "because nowadays the new actors kick the ground and scratch themselves and don't have the guts to look in somebody else's eyes." Sophia was tempted by Grant's proposal of marriage but finally turned him down. She says that she was truly in love with Grant, but she had fallen in love with Ponti too. She had been living with him, though both made strenuous efforts to conceal the fact. "He kept away from me as much as he could," Sophia once said. (Another Scicolone relationship, the marriage of younger sister Maria to Romano Mussolini, son of the dictator, observed all the niceties, though it eventually failed.)

Ponti was a man accustomed to command, a rich, successful entrepreneur who had wanted to be an architect but studied law instead and got into movies by accident. Following a partnership with Dino de Laurentiis, he set up his own company, noting, "He prefers to make spectacles like *The Bible*. I prefer to make films like *La Strada*. I like quality, not quantity. I'm a man of culture. He's a man of force."

At the time of his French marriage to Sophia, Ponti was over 50, old enough to be a wise counselor and substantial father image. "There is a sufficient difference of age between us that counts a lot," says Ponti. "There is a certain vitality in her and a certain experience in me. Experience of all types—artistic, of life, cultural. I have respect for her, for her talent, and she has admiration for me. It was not a question of beauty. For me, beauty is secondary. Necessary, but secondary. When



DAN BUDN KIMAGNUM PHOTOS



**A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG**  
(1966) with  
Marlon Brando



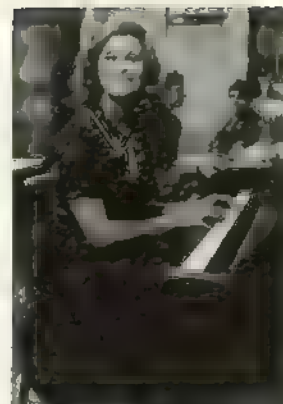
**MARRIAGE, ITALIAN STYLE** (1964) with  
Marcelllo Mastroianni



**LADY L**  
(1965)



**ARABESQUE**  
(1966) with Gregory Peck



**SOPHIA LOREN: HER OWN STORY**  
(1980 TV movie)



**AURORA BY NIGHT**  
(1984 TV movie)  
with Edoardo Gatt

I spoke with Sophia I understood there was a difference between actress and artist. With an artist there is no limit to the heights she can reach. You find many actresses, but very few artists. Sophia is an artist."

Sophia returns the compliments. "He is everything," she says, "my husband; my father, my friend. He's the person I put my trust in, and he trusts his thoughts to me. We know each other inside out. He's been, and will always be, the man of my life. I didn't join him by chance and it's not by chance that we're still together."

Nor is it by chance that she is considered to be highly professional. "First of all," she says, "I'm interested in how the story is. And in the contract I don't demand very much: my makeup man, my hairdresser, my secretary, driver, car, publicity, that's all. You can't ask for more than that, really, because everybody thinks that you get very difficult. It's never good to exaggerate."

Her method is to read the entire script before filming, and learn her whole part in advance. Then each night she spends a mere 10 minutes going over the next day's part, having retired to bed for dinner, and being anxious to start watching television. She makes a fetish of being on time for appointments on or off the set. She knows her lines and shies away from displays of temperament.

"Generally, I get sick when a picture is over, when the tension slows down and you let yourself go," she says. "I become ill—four days, five days. I just sleep. I sleep for 24 hours, like an animal. After four days of sleep I'm ready to work again. I recuperate very fast."

Anthony Perkins once compared the actress to Eliza Doolittle in *My Fair Lady*.

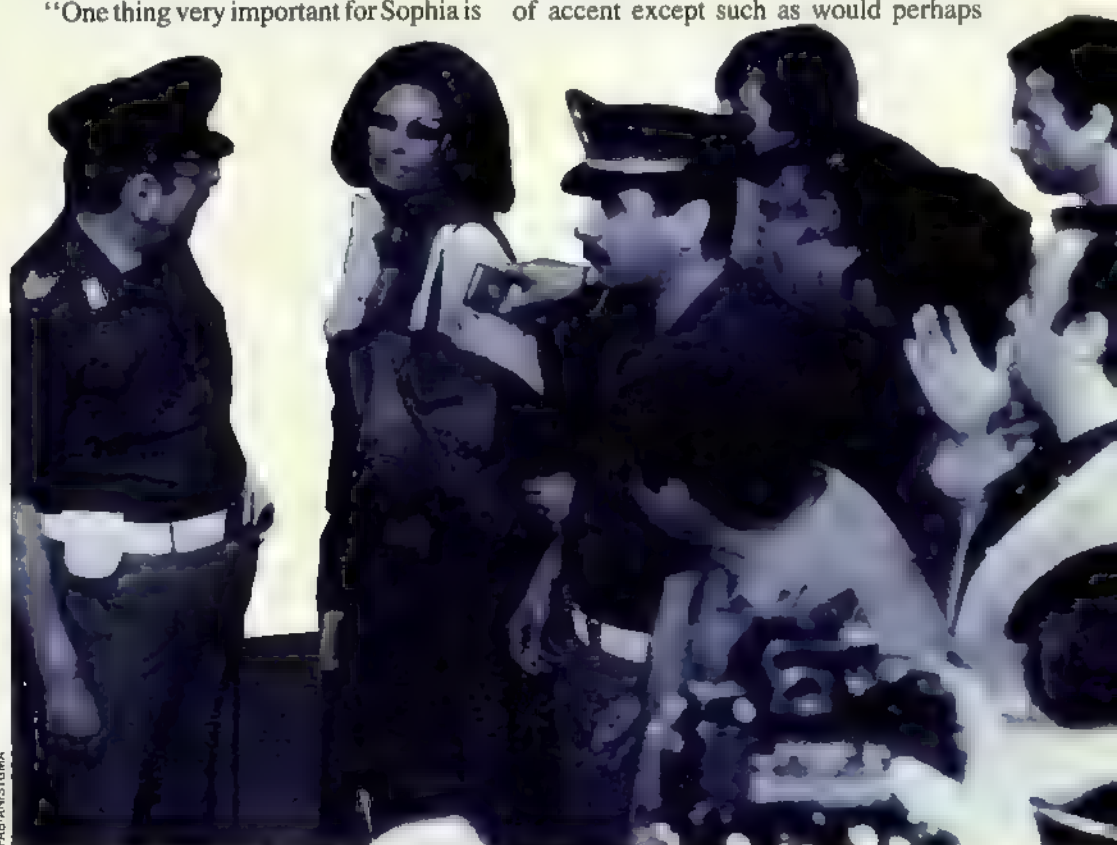
"Higgins could be proud of her," he said. "She's a lady."

"Of course," admits Ponti, "I am a little like Professor Higgins." But he does not take all the credit. "If an actress has no talent," he says, "what do you create? To say you create an artist is just talk. A person is not marble or clay you can model as you will . . . To build a house you must begin with a foundation. It was the same with Sophia. There was something there—character, a temperament. She is an authentic type, like a Stradivarius."

"One thing very important for Sophia is

her ear, which is absolutely a unique phenomenon. She is probably the only actress in the world who can act in four languages—directly. And when she made *The Millionairess* she had to speak a special English—Shaw's English. She had to pronounce phrases in cockney. Just imagine Elizabeth Taylor coming to Italy and trying to play a part in an Italian dialect, in Neapolitan, say, in a play by Goldoni. Impossible even to imagine."

However good she is in English—and it is careful, clear, almost flawlessly devoid of accent except such as would perhaps



In 1982 Sophia spent 17 days in jail following a tax dispute with the Italian government.





CORREY DORR PHOTO

lead to the Shavian conclusion that she is *Hungarian*—she chooses which words to mispronounce: Barbara Stanwich, Rita Aworth, Carygrant, Clargable. When she hears new words she half closes her eyes, trying to puzzle out the meaning. When dubbing her films into French, she has the devil's own time not rolling her r's.

In 1982 Sophia had to spend 17 days in an Italian prison following a tax dispute. Paying taxes is hardly deemed a patriotic duty in Italy, but that did not count for much when the case came to court. And residence in Switzerland did not stay the long arm of the law. She has called this experience "horribly humiliating," the worst in her life. "I've forgotten about it," she insists today, "because bad things I like to forget, though in some ways that time is always in my mind. The emotion is so great it can't be explained in words."

Today the Ponti-Loren ménage resides in an assortment of comfortable homes in Switzerland, Paris, Florida and California. Ponti, probably 79, recently bought, with son Alex (from his first marriage),

*Sophia, now 55, suffered a series of miscarriages before giving birth to two sons. Carlo, 21, attends college in California. Edoardo, 17, plans to devote his life to the theater. Ponti, in his late 70's, remains active producing films.*

the rights to 60 short stories that they plan to produce. Sophia's and Carlo's elder son, Carlo Jr., 21, born after repeated miscarriages, attends college in California and assiduously practices the piano. Edoardo, 17, appeared with his mother a few years ago in the TV film *Aurora*; he plans to continue acting.

Sophia, at 55, is one sex symbol who has matured well, with no diminution in appeal; in fact, a recent poll of Italian men under the age of 30 selected her as "Woman of Rome 1989." Since winning an Academy Award in 1961 for her role as a mother in wartime Italy, in *Two Women*, she has seldom put a foot wrong. Her most recent picture—a TV miniseries—was a remake of *Two Women* in which she reprised her earlier role. She is currently preparing to make a film titled *Saturday, Sunday, and Monday*, an adaptation of a play about life in Naples that was staged in

London in 1973 with Laurence Olivier and Joan Plowright. The celebrated Italian director Lina Wertmüller will direct.

"As you get older," she told MEMORIES, "it's not just look beautiful and shut up. You really have to work very hard. You take greater steps. The characters become much more complex, more emotional. You say to yourself, 'My God, am I going to be able to do this?' Acting, for me, is not vanity. Acting is like lying on the couch of a psychiatrist. I think sometimes I expose my feelings so much on the screen that I feel a little bit embarrassed."

Sophia is involved in several non-acting enterprises, none of which she need feel embarrassed about, including stylish eyeglasses and a successful perfume called, of course, Sophia. But her most enduring role is that of wife, mother and dutiful daughter, paying flying visits to her mother in Italy. The drama of her own life, which began so inauspiciously and which was marked by difficulties no less than triumphs, remains radiant with memory and promise. ■

An important message from PAUL NEWMAN and JOANNE WOODWARD

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seven wonderful children  
we have never seen."**

**"We'd like to tell you why."**



**Sponsored children  
pictured: Pedro,  
Gustavo, Carlos, Johnny,  
Andres, Jaime, and Laki.**

Photo by Michael Filiz

**"For 24 years we've been Save the Children sponsors.** We began by sponsoring a desperately poor little girl from the mountains of Colombia—a child who lived in a one-room hut and could only dream of attending school

"It was a joy to share our good fortune with her and to know that she was blossoming because someone cared enough to help. It made us want to help other children in the same way. And now we sponsor seven children around the world. Children we have come to understand and love. Thanks to Save the Children

"If you've ever wondered 'What can one person do?' — the answer is 'You can help save a child.' If you are touched by the plight of needy children, there is no better way than Save the Children to reach out to them with caring, comfort, and support.

"Please join us as a Save the Children sponsor. We've seen the wonders they can work. You'll see how much you can really do—in the eyes and in the progress of the child you sponsor. You'll bring new hope to a child you'll know personally, as we do, through photographs...reports...and letters you can exchange, if you wish.

"You'll see despair turn to hope, and you'll feel the personal reward of knowing what your love and support can do.

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*Inspiring fear as well as hope, the charismatic black nationalist predicted his own violent death.*

# Menace or Messiah?

**By Stewart Kampel**

**A**bout 2:45 A.M. on Valentine's Day 1965, Malcolm X, 39, lay sleeping in his small brick house in East Elmhurst, N.Y., with his wife and four small daughters, aged 5 months to 6 years. Suddenly, bottles of gasoline with ignited fuses crashed through the living room windows and exploded. Malcolm rushed his family out the back door and out of range of the raging fire. There had been telephone threats; they were threats no longer.

A week later, more than 400 blacks gathered to hear the charismatic black nationalist speak at the Audubon Ballroom in Harlem. Malcolm had uttered no more than a few words of greeting when, from up close, a fusillade rang out, knocking him backward and wounding three other men on the podium. Pandemonium broke out in the onetime dance hall. Everyone raced for cover. Malcolm's wife, Betty Shabazz, ran about, screaming hysterically, "They're killing my husband! They're killing my husband!" Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation failed. Malcolm died on the ballroom stage.

STEWART KAMPEL is editor of the Long Island Weekly Section of The New York Times.

Shotgun pellets and bullets fired from weapons of two different calibers struck Malcolm that Sunday, Feb. 21, 1965, indicating that there were at least three trigger men. Witnesses said as many as 30 shots were fired by five assassins. Police quickly attributed the assault to a rift between Malcolm's followers and members of the Nation of Islam, known as Black Muslims, led by Elijah Muhammad, a self-styled "Messenger of God." Muhammad had been Malcolm's mentor, but the two had become bitter rivals.

Right after the shooting, Thomas Hagan, a black man also known as Talmadge Hayer, was apprehended in the ballroom. A few days later, police arrested Norman Butler, known as Norman 3X, and Thomas 15X Johnson. Identified as Malcolm's assassins by seven witnesses, the three were known to be associated with Elijah Muhammad, although he denied it. In 1966, the three were convicted of Malcolm X's murder and sentenced to life, on evidence that an appeals court later called "overwhelming."

"It has always been my belief that I will die by violence," Malcolm X wrote in his autobiography, which was published posthumously in 1965 and has since be-



come a classic. "I have done all that I can to be prepared." He also correctly predicted who his assassins would be. "Some of the followers of Elijah Muhammad would still consider it a first-rank honor to kill me," he wrote shortly before the prophecy was fulfilled. "I dream that one day history will look upon me as having been one of the voices that perhaps helped to 'save' America from a grave, even possibly fatal catastrophe."

He wrote that he would be remembered as "a convenient symbol of hatred" or at best an "irresponsible leader," though in his view, "all I have been doing is holding up a mirror to reflect . . . the history of unspeakable crimes that [the white] race has committed against my race."

A spellbinding orator, Malcolm gave eloquent expression to both black aspiration and frustration. He told black audiences that to improve their situation, they had to unite and establish schools, businesses, clinics and political and social groups within their own communities. For a time he denounced whites as "blue-eyed devils" who had degraded and denied rights to blacks since the days of slavery. Criticized for teaching hate, he responded that whites "have taught us to hate ourselves."

Though they shared the same goal—racial equity—Malcolm X had no use for Martin Luther King's nonviolent tactics. Nor did he share King's dream of integration. "When you've got some coffee that's too black, which means it's too strong, what do you do?" he asked. "You integrate it with cream, you make it weak. But if you pour too much cream in it, you won't even know you ever had coffee. It used to be hot, it becomes cold."

As a Black Muslim he spoke of establishing an independent black nation; later, conceding that separatism was impractical, he encouraged blacks to seek identity through their common African heritage. "The Afro-American community must



## THE ASSASSINS

On the witness stand at his trial for the assassination of Malcolm X, Talmadge Hayer, a.k.a. Thomas Hagan, readily confessed his guilt. But he insisted that Black Muslims of Elijah Muhammad's Nation of Islam had nothing to do with the murder. The jury concluded that he was lying in order to protect the Muslims and to exonerate his co-defendants, Norman 3X Butler, a.k.a. Muhammad Abd al-Aziz, and Thomas 15X Johnson, a.k.a. Khalil Islam. All three received life sentences.

After Elijah Muhammad's death in 1975, Hayer changed his story. While he still said his co-defendants were innocent, he claimed that he and four other Muslims from a Newark, N.J., mosque had killed Malcolm for "defaming" Elijah Muhammad.

Radical lawyer William Kunstler took Hayer's new testimony to court on behalf of Butler and Johnson. Lacking any corroboration, the court rejected Kunstler's petition to have the case reopened.

Hayer and Butler were paroled in 1988. Hayer worked for a time at a youth shelter in a New York City suburb before dropping out of sight. Butler is believed to be living in Queens, New York. Johnson was also paroled but his whereabouts is unknown.

accept the responsibility for regaining our people who have lost their place in society," he said in June 1964. "We must declare an all-out war on organized crime in our community . . . We must establish a clinic, whereby one can get aid and cure for drug addiction . . . [We] must be prepared to help each other in all ways possible . . . We must be a good example to our children and must teach them to always be ready to accept the responsibility

ities that are necessary for building good communities and nations."

But while he spoke of responsibility and clinics, his incendiary rhetoric muffled his message. "Whether you use bullets or ballots, you've got to aim well," he declared shortly before his conversion to orthodox Islam in 1964. "Don't strike at the puppet, strike at the puppeteer." In another speech, he urged blacks to learn the white man's language. "If his language is with a shotgun, get a shotgun. Yes, I said if he only understands the language of a rifle, get a rifle. If he only understands the language of a rope, get a rope."

"His views about the white man were devastating," journalist M. S. Handler wrote in the introduction to *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, "but at no time did he transgress against my own personality and make me feel that I, as [a white] individual, shared in the guilt." Malcolm, Handler went on, appealed to the most disparate elements of the black community: the repressed masses and black intellectuals. "He frightened white television audiences, demolished his Negro opponents, but elicited a remarkable response from Negro audiences," Handler wrote. "The troubled white audiences were confused, disturbed, felt themselves threatened. Some began to consider Malcolm evil incarnate."

Was he menace or messiah? The debate continues 25 years after his death.

Born Malcolm Little in 1925 in Omaha, Neb., the son of a minister and a West Indian mother, Malcolm grew from impoverished child to street hustler to convict to Black Muslim minister to Islamic convert, black nationalist and human rights activist. As a young man in Boston and later in New York, he drifted into a nether world of alcohol, drugs and solicitation for prostitution. He sold marijuana, ran numbers, carried a pistol.

To support a cocaine habit he stole.



PICTORIAL PARADE

*A protégé of Elijah Muhammad (wall portrait), Malcolm X built his power base in Harlem.*

Before he was 21 he had been arrested for burglary and sent to a Massachusetts state prison. A junior high school dropout, Malcolm spent his days in jail studying, reading everything from the dictionary to Milton. In letters and visits from his family, he learned about the Nation of Islam, a "new" religion preached to black people in the U.S. by someone calling himself the Honorable Elijah Muhammad. Fascinated by the minister's ideas of black superiority, Malcolm began a correspondence with Muhammad and, still in prison, began praying to Allah. In accordance with Islamic teaching, he gave up pork, tobacco, drugs and gambling (and later, dancing, movies, sports and promiscuity).

When Malcolm was released from prison on parole after serving six years, he went to Detroit and got a job as a furniture salesman. He took the name Malcolm X ("X" standing for the name his ancestors lost when they were taken into slavery) and soon became an assistant minister for the Nation of Islam's Detroit mosque.

Muhammad, whose poor health limited his travel, sent his new protégé on speaking tours around the country. After helping to set up new mosques in Detroit and

Harlem's Hotel Theresa. "It will be the working base," he said, "for an action program designed to eliminate the political oppression, the economic exploitation and the social degradation suffered daily by 22 million African-Americans."

A pilgrimage to Mecca, Islam's holy city, in 1964 profoundly changed Malcolm's thinking once again. The onetime separatist pronounced himself impressed by the idea of brotherhood, "people of all races, all colors coming together as one." At a press conference, Malcolm, who had changed his name to El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz, said that the pilgrimage "blessed me with a new insight. In two weeks in the Holy Land, I saw what I never had seen in 39 years here in America. I saw *all races, all colors*—blue-eyed blonds to black-skinned Africans—in *true brotherhood!* In unity! Living as one! Worshiping as one! . . . In the past, yes, I have made sweeping indictments of *all* white people. I never will be guilty of that again—as I know now that some white people *are* truly sincere, that some truly are capable of being brotherly toward a black man."

Malcolm's turnabout stunned followers

Boston, Malcolm was sent, in 1954, to New York. There, in a small mosque, he built a power base. His attacks against white society and his pleas for black mobilization drew press attention and stirred controversy.

But when Malcolm disobeyed an order from Muhammad not to comment on the assassination of President John F. Kennedy—Malcolm called it a case of "chickens coming home to roost"—Muhammad "silenced" and suspended him. The break proved permanent. In fact, the two had been feuding for months. Muhammad may have resented his lieutenant's growing notoriety. On his part, Malcolm's respect for Muhammad had plummeted when two paternity suits were filed against the aging leader.

Malcolm quickly set up his own organization, the Moslem Mosque, Inc., in

and detractors alike, some of whom criticized him for growing soft and for being too confused to lead. But he was cut down before his change of view became widely known, and today most recall only the pre-Mecca Malcolm, the personification of anger and the espouser of violence.

Over a two-day period after the assassination, more than 20,000 people paid their respects in a funeral home. At the funeral itself, which was televised live, 600 people crowded into Harlem's Faith Temple and several thousand more gathered on the sidewalks in the bitter cold to hear Malcolm eulogized as a man who died believing in the brotherhood of man. Actor Ossie Davis said, "Harlem has come to bid fond farewell to one of its brightest hopes, gone forever. Malcolm had stopped being a Negro several years ago. Malcolm was too big for that. Malcolm had become an Afro-American, and that's what he wanted all of us to be."

Later, Davis wrote of his friend that he had "scared hell out of the rest of us, bred as we are to caution, to hypocrisy in the presence of white folks, to the smile that never fades . . . No one who knew him before and after his trip to Mecca could doubt that he had completely abandoned racism, separatism and hatred. But he had not abandoned his shock-effect statements, his bristling agitation for immediate freedom in this country not only for blacks, but for everybody."

While the debate over who he was and what he stood for continues unabated, his influence has, if anything, only increased, particularly among blacks who came to



UPI RETTMANN NY SPHOTOS

*Malcolm met King but once, in 1964.*



maturity after his death. "He's like an icon among the younger set, people in their 20's and 30's," says Alex Haley, the author of *Roots*, who collaborated with Malcolm on the autobiography.

Eleanor Holmes Norton, a professor at Georgetown University Law School, says that Malcolm's ideas were as large as King's, and that both "represent necessary ingredients for the making of the black psyche." That view found expression in last year's controversial film *Do the Right Thing*, in which blacks burn down a white-owned pizza parlor in a

black neighborhood after a black is killed by a white policeman. Director Spike Lee ended the film (in which Ossie Davis appears) with two quotes—one condemning violence, from Martin Luther King Jr., the other from Malcolm X, condoning it in self-defense. The juxtaposition, besides conveying Malcolm's stature as an equal of King's, has been widely seen as symbolizing the two responses blacks can make to their condition.

Alex Haley, for one, finds Malcolm's continuing association with violence—even qualified violence—ironic. "Dr.

King spoke of turning the other cheek," he says. "He personally endured more violence than Malcolm ever did. Malcolm spoke of violence and implied it in his message. But Malcolm himself never got involved in physical violence."

Except, of course, at the end. About that end, Haley, in an epilogue to the autobiography, writes that Malcolm "was the most electric personality I have ever met, and I still can't quite conceive him dead. It still feels to me as if he has gone into some next chapter, to be written by historians." ■

## A Life Turned Upside Down By Delphine Taylor

I know no one who shook the souls of this earth more than he," says Betty Shabazz of her late husband, Malcolm X. Shabazz says that as she watched him crumble in a spray of bullets 25 years ago, she felt her own strength and hope crumble also. "My life was turned upside down," she says today in her office at Brooklyn's Medgar Evers College, where she works as the Director of Communications and Public Relations.

Before her husband's assassination, she remembers, "I had been taken care of." With his death she not only lost her closest friend and mentor and the father of six daughters (she was pregnant with twins when he died), she also lost her financial support. "For the first time," she says, "I had to do everything myself."

Shabazz, 49, says that what saved her sanity was a trip she made to Mecca within a month of Malcolm's death. "It went straight to the core," she says. "It cleared the fog away and allowed me to deal with the pain, face reality and stand tall."

In the early years Shabazz and her children got by with help from friends and from the revenue from her husband's autobiography. In 1975 she earned a Ph.D. in school administration and curriculum development at the University of Massachusetts, and the following year she began teaching health administration at Medgar Evers. Today, she also moderates a weekly radio program devoted to women's issues on New York station WBSL. The walls of her Brooklyn office are decorated with awards and honorary degrees as well as portraits of her late husband.

Shabazz met Malcolm in 1957 at a Black Muslim school in New York City where he often spoke and where she, a

young nursing student, taught health and hygiene part time. Raised a Methodist in Detroit, she at first felt uncomfortable with his views. But, she says, within a year his strong will and kind heart convinced her not only to join his faith but also to marry him. The first time she brought Malcolm home to meet her family, Shabazz remembers, her mother told him, "I



Malcolm's widow, Betty Shabazz, raised their six daughters alone.

hope you can treat my daughter well, because if you don't, she can come back home and I can take better care of her."

"Did that challenge him?" says Shabazz. "It hit him right in the stomach."

Shabazz says that although Malcolm made her a full partner in his intellectual quest, "he always accused me of not listening. So I said to him one day, 'How can I not hear what you're saying? You said it today, yesterday, and the day before, and you'll say it again tomorrow.'"

Today, Malcolm's words seem powerfully prophetic to his widow. "I'm astounded because his analysis was totally correct," she says. She believes her husband's teachings made people more ac-

cepting of each other. "Racism still exists, but there is a greater awareness that it is something we must move beyond."

Still, Shabazz feels her husband is misunderstood by many and misrepresented by some, particularly current Black Muslim leader Louis Farrakhan, whom she has called an "opportunist" and from whom she has publicly distanced herself.

"A lot of people still think that when Malcolm said 'freedom by any means necessary' he meant violence," says Shabazz. "But what about using education, religion or politics to attain freedom?" She also insists that Malcolm was far from the first to advocate black separatism. "We already had separate neighborhoods, separate schools, separate hospitals. He was just saying, wherever you are, let's start improving the quality of life right now, not 50 years from now."

Shabazz has tried to impart her husband's ideas to her six daughters. She sent them to the United Nations International School in New York and "taught them to be citizens of the world. I always let them know that they belonged, wherever they were." If they encountered racism, she encouraged them to "fight like hell" to change those attitudes. Two years ago, oldest daughter Attalah, 31, an actress who lives in Los Angeles, joined forces with Yolanda King, Martin Luther King's oldest daughter, to lecture about their fathers' shared goals. They also formed Nucleus, a touring theatrical company, to present social issues in an entertaining format. As for sisters Qubilah, 29, Ilyasah, 27, Gamilah, 25, and Malaak and Malikah, 24, "they are all doing great things," says Shabazz, the proud mother, beaming. "They are all great women." ■

# FEBRUARY AND MARCH 1970 20 YEARS AGO

## BLAST FROM THE UNDERGROUND

**March 6** A massive explosion in New York's Greenwich Village today killed one man and sent a four-story townhouse up in flames. Two women who were evacuated naked from the burning building have disappeared. Fire officials suspect the explosion was precipitated by a gas leak.

**Update:** Investigators soon discovered two more bodies and a large cache of dynamite in the rubble. The victims, Theodore Gold, 23, Diana Oughton, 28, and an unidentified male, members of the radical Weatherman organization, had been using the house as a bomb factory. The missing women, Cathlyn Wilkerson, 25, and Kathy Boudin, 26, remained fugitives for more than a decade. Wilkerson surrendered in 1980 and served 11 months of a three-year sentence for possession of dynamite. Boudin was arrested in 1981 after a failed robbery attempt of a Brink's armored truck, in which a guard and two policemen died. Boudin is serving a term of 20 years to life.



1987



1970



## FIVE'S A CROWD

**Feb. 24** Congratulations! It's a girl . . . and two boys and two more girls! Arriving in good health six weeks ahead of schedule, quintuplets were born today to Peggy Jo and William Kienast of Far Hills, N.J. The homemaker and her chemical-salesman husband already have a 4-year-old girl and an 18-month-old boy. Mrs. Kienast, 27, had taken Pergonal, a fertility drug, prior to each pregnancy.

**Update** In 1984, William Kienast committed suicide, a result, said his wife, of financial setbacks, severe depression and poor health. "It would have been the

same if we had had no children or two children or 10 children," she said. Today, quints Sara and Gordon have followed elder brother John in attending college out of state. Ted and Amy attend a local college and live at home with fifth quint Abigail, Mom, and big sister Meg. Abigail says that her mother "doesn't live through us, and I think she'd just as soon see us all out of the house." In fact, Peggy Jo is currently studying what she calls "cows and sheep" at Rutgers University. After raising a herd of kids, she says, "I want to be a cattle rancher or something."

## A PACIFIST PASSES

**Feb. 2** "Three passions . . . have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind." Bertrand Russell, British philosopher, mathematician and activist, died today at 97 at his home in Wales. Russell, whose works include *Principles of Mathematics* and a three-volume autobiography, won the Nobel Prize in Literature

in 1950. An outspoken pacifist, Russell was jailed for libeling the American Army during World War I. Though he supported the Allies in their campaign against Hitler in World War II, he reverted to pacifism in his later years. Most recently, Russell was known for his lectures, protests and writings against American involvement in Vietnam, racism and the threat of nuclear war.

## Standoffs and Upsets

**Feb. 10** Avalanche in Val d'Isère, France, kills at least 39 skiers . . . A.E.C. officials announce small amounts of radioactive plutonium have been released from Rocky Flats, Colo., atom plant . . . **Feb. 18** Acquitted on conspiracy charges, five of the Chicago 7 are convicted of seeking to promote riots at 1968 Democratic National Convention . . . **Feb. 21** Fourteen Americans are killed and 29 are wounded in North Vietnamese ambush near Danang . . . **March 2** Rhodesia declares itself racially segregated republic . . . **March 10** New York City gravediggers return to work after eight-week strike; 15,000 bodies await graves . . . **March 18** Chief of State of Cambodia, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, is overthrown by his own premier . . . **March 23** As postal strike continues, President Nixon orders troops to move into New York City.

## Miscellany

**Feb. 8** Audrey Hepburn, 40, gives birth to second son . . . **Feb. 11** Prince Charles, 21, takes seat in House of Lords . . . **Feb. 16** Joe Frazier, knocking out Jimmy Ellis in fifth round, succeeds Muhammad Ali as world heavyweight boxing champion . . . **Feb. 25** Expressionist painter Mark Rothko, 66, commits suicide . . . **March 2** Dr. Timothy Leary is sentenced to 10 years for smuggling marijuana.

## Entertainment



**Movies** Novel-inspired films *Airport* (above) and *Women in Love* premiere. **Plays** *Child's Play* stars Ken Howard, Fritz Weaver and Pat Hingle.



# SHEER ENERGY® Pantyhose, 17 Years and Growing...

Whatever the  
current fashion,  
attractive legs  
are healthy,  
active legs

The year was 1973. Women were moving into action. They were becoming busier than ever in their family and working lives, and more active in their pursuit of leisure. Women athletes were coming into their own. This was the season that Billie Jean King beat Bobby Riggs in "The Battle of the Sexes" tennis match.

This was the time when women began saying "no" to restrictive, "cookie cutter" fashions, and saying a big "YES" to a fashionable *and* comfortable wardrobe that supported the new active, and healthy lifestyles.

This was the year of the introduction of L'eggs Sheer Energy, the first pantyhose to respond to women's desire for comfort *and* style. Pantyhose were a part of the new fashion freedom. Women already knew about L'eggs, the quality product in the distinctive egg-shaped container, conveniently available in food and drug and discount stores.

*Sheer Energy*, "The Pantyhose With All Day Massage," added a new, important feature to everyday fashion—pantyhose that felt as good as they looked. *Sheer Energy* stimulated circulation, so that it actually massaged your legs while you walked, sat or stood.

It was true back in 1973 and it is even more true now. When your day finds you dashing from place to place, and you want to look good and feel good all over, *Sheer Energy* is the product that keeps you going strong. *Sheer Energy* was created to be practical enough for daytime durability, and sheer enough for evening style. *Sheer Energy* pantyhose are spun from special springy fibers that gently massage legs, so no matter how hectic the day a woman's legs feel refreshed and look great.

Over the years, once women discovered the benefits of *Sheer Energy*, they never gave them up. *Sheer Energy* has grown to become the largest selling brand of pantyhose in the world!

Healthful support and fashion sense are a very contemporary combination. In January, L'eggs will introduce *Sheer Energy* in new fashion colors. The people at *Sheer Energy* understand that American women, today more than ever, want to feel good and look fabulous. And over the last 17 years women have known that they can depend on *Sheer Energy* to help them feel and look their personal best.



This advertisement was among the first for Sheer Energy Pantyhose.

## Remember When 1973

■ **FASHION FADS:** Platform shoes and "wedgies" reached new heights. Heels on these thick-soled wonders rose to 4 and 4½ inches or more.

■ **MUSIC:** Roberta Flack's "Killing Me Softly With His Song" and Stevie Wonder's "You are the Sunshine of My Life" were top popular hits.

■ **FILM:** Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford starred in "The Way We Were." Ryan and Tatum O'Neal teamed up in "Paper Moon."

■ **MILESTONES:** July 2, Betty Grable dies. The veteran Hollywood star and World War II pinup queen was known for her fresh good looks and her "million dollar legs."



Today's support pantyhose are available in a wide range of fashion shades and styles.

# She's got Sheer Energy™

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SHEER  
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It's not how you play the game. It's how you feel playing it. Sheer Energy™ products will move you. And soothe you. For legs that feel this great all day. She's got L'eggs®.

SHEER  
ENERGY



*The sedate midcalf style was promoted as the "must have" fashion of the 70's. American women disagreed.*

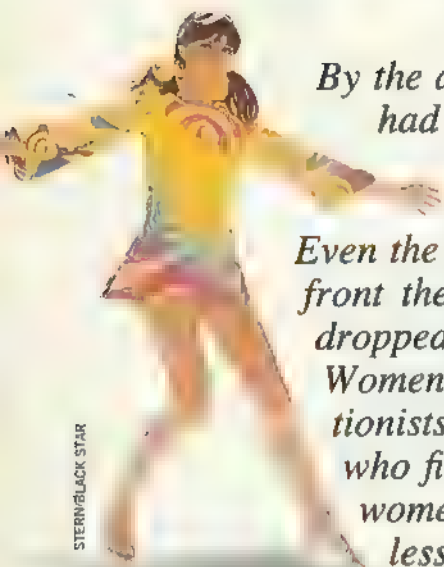
# The Long

*By the dawn of the 70's, the miniskirt had reached alarming heights; some women's handbags covered more than their minis.*

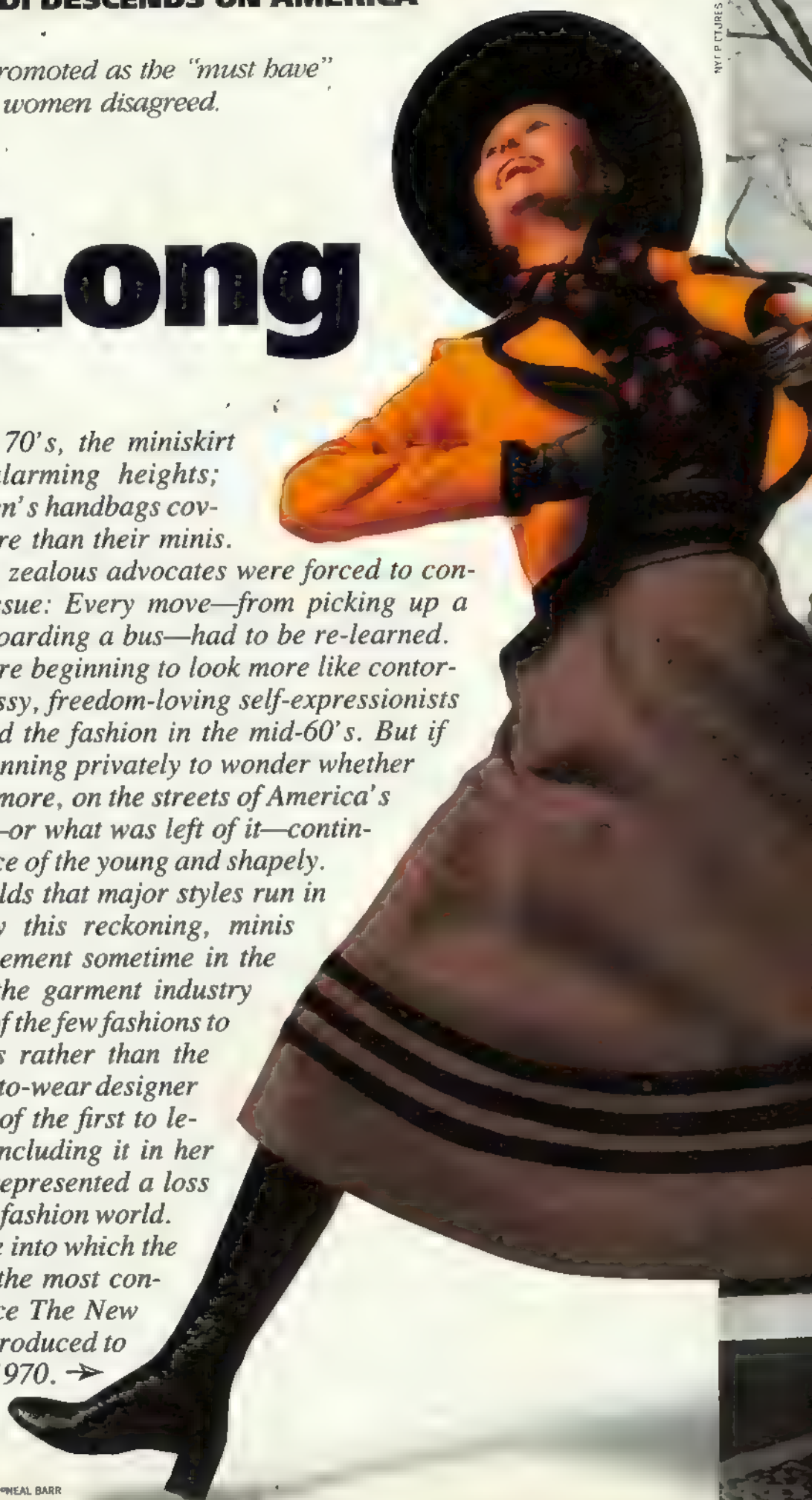
*Even the mini's most zealous advocates were forced to confront the modesty issue: Every move—from picking up a dropped pencil to boarding a bus—had to be re-learned. Women in minis were beginning to look more like contortionists than the sassy, freedom-loving self-expressionists who first embraced the fashion in the mid-60's. But if women were beginning privately to wonder whether less really was more, on the streets of America's cities the mini—or what was left of it—continued to be the first choice of the young and shapely.*

*Fashion wisdom holds that major styles run in seven-year cycles; by this reckoning, minis were due for a denouement sometime in the early 70's. Some in the garment industry couldn't wait. As one of the few fashions to come from the streets rather than the salons (London ready-to-wear designer Mary Quant was one of the first to legitimize the style by including it in her collection), the mini represented a loss of face for many in the fashion world.*

*This was the climate into which the midcalf-length midi—the most controversial fashion since The New Look of 1947—was introduced to the public in January 1970. ➔*



STERN/BLACK STAR



NYF PICTURES

# and Short of It





## By Marylou Luther

In Italy, where I was covering fashion for the *Los Angeles Times* in the winter of 1970, Rome designer Valentino introduced the midi as one of several lengths in his collection. In Paris, trendy young women were already wearing the midcalf length in styles by Sonia Rykiel (for the MacDouglas label), Claude Montana and other young designers. In the world of high fashion, André Courrèges and Coco Chanel showed short skirts exclusively, Chanel decrying the midi as "a disguise."

Had the midi designs been presented to the American public as they were shown in Europe—as one of several options in length—the mayhem over hems might not have ensued. Instead, John Fairchild and his *Women's Wear Daily* insisted that the midi (or longuette, as the trade paper called it) was the only fashion news fit to print. June Weir, *WWD's* fashion editor 20 years ago, recalls proposing a layout featuring two celebrities, one in a midi and the other in a mini, in a tale of two preferences. But publisher Jim Brady [see "Wear and Tear"] killed it. "He made it perfectly clear that we were only to feature the new length," says Weir, who nevertheless defends the coverage on the

MARYLOU LUTHER is fashion editor of the *Los Angeles Times* Syndicate.



Among the midi's champions were *Women's Wear Daily* publisher Jim Brady (left), fashion editor June Weir and chairman John Fairchild.

grounds that the midi was the biggest fashion news in years.

In the *WWD* camp were maturing women whose figures were outgrowing the mini (as well as women who had never cared for it) and those stores, designers

and manufacturers who were ready for a change or felt obliged to make one. Says Lynn Manulis, president of Martha, the New York and Palm Beach specialty shops that were the first to introduce the Valentino collection in this country: "We should be supportive of those designers on the cutting edge, and the midi was definitely the cutting edge."

On the other side were legions of women who found the new look unflattering and/or resented having to purchase a whole new wardrobe, never mind whether or not they could afford it. (Designers advocated entire ensembles including high stacked heels or boots, dark hose, and longer coats and hats—a total look.)

Endorsements of the midi from television's Barbara Walters and First Lady Pat Nixon did little to dispel its dowdy image. Julie Nixon Eisenhower called it ugly, and even the Duchess of Windsor was having none of it. Meeting Weir one day, the Duchess studied the editor's navy wool midi before remarking, "It looks lovely on you, but I've learned from many years of experience that I look best in skirts that end just below or around my knees."

Others voiced their opinions more militantly. In Los Angeles, a former beauty-contest winner, Juli Hutner, organized POOFF (Preservation of Our Femininity and Finances), a group of 43 women who circulated petitions and bumper stickers whose purple prose—"Up your midi!"—



During the early 70's, fashion anarchy reigned supreme. Some experimented with the new length; others took to the streets to protest it.



was printed in shocking pink. "We're not going to let [designers] pull the wool over our legs as well as our eyes," trumpeted Hutner, who convinced Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty to designate a POOFF week in that city. POOFF chapters followed in Nebraska and North Carolina.

In the nation's capital, another group, FADD (Fight Against Dictating Designers), organized a lunch-hour "snip-in" at which they made minis out of midis. FADD later teamed up with a New York group, GAMS (Girls Against More Skirt), to picket a garment-center building in which many of the country's top midi designers were headquartered.

Some department stores, whose customers included many working women, took out newspaper advertisements to assure shoppers that no single length would dominate the season. And a Los Angeles manufacturer, Fred Rothschild, denounced Fairchild in a full-page ad in a trade paper. "J'Accuse!" the headline read. "How dare anyone—from a certain fashion medium—have the audacity to set himself up as an all-seeing fashion authority? Who is this prophet who tries to force upon the American woman a concept he calls, for want of a better term, 'Longue'?" The ad exhorted retailers to boycott the midi.

A Cincinnati shop staged a midi funeral, complete with miniskirted pallbearers. Tossing roses on the coffin in a plot behind



KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

*For Italian designer Valentino, one of the first to show longer hemlines, accessories were everything. But U.S. shoppers weren't buying any of it.*

Paris, Rome, Madrid say:

# THE KNEE IS DEAD.

THURSDAY AT NINE A.M., Ohrbach's fabulous couture comes on sale. At six p.m., they go down the runway alongside the designers. Always, you are cordially invited to this fashion show. Only this time, you will witness a revolution.

**Ohrbach's**

the store, miniskirted "mourners" sang "Happy Days Are Here Again."

Such events proved irresistible to the media. *New York Post* columnist Pete Hamill wrote that a woman who wears a midi "is frightened of her own judgment, a slave of commercially inspired tastemakers, and a woman whose mind must be certainly as dull as the blah years of the 1950's which inspired her clothing . . . Ladies," he wrote, "resist!"

*Newsweek's* "Midi vs. Mini" cover story featured the designs of midi convert Geoffrey Beene, who today reveals that his endorsement of the style was not as enthusiastic as it once seemed. "I feel today as I felt then," Beene says, "that I should not have done it. But I was not strong enough at the time to refuse the manipulative power behind it. The midi was a last desperate attempt of a manipulative power to try to dictate to women. It failed for it was without logic."

Even media guru Marshall McLuhan got into the act. "The mini will never die," he proclaimed with characteristic prescience. "It's a tribal costume. It's fashion that is dead." And in a bulletin about what he called the "hemline hassle," an Episcopal rector reminded his Long Island congregation that "when we accept dictatorship by a handful of self-appointed experts in one field, we tend to

tolerate takeover in other fields as well."

"We hit the [midi] development pretty hard," *WWD* publisher Brady admitted to *Time* magazine in September 1970. "We went out on a limb saying this was the going fashion before there was really evidence that it was." *Time* concluded that the trend was limited to "the fringe crowd—women who want to be first with anything new . . . women who want to hide atrocious legs, and women who do things just to be different."

While the furor had comic elements, the effect of the protests was no laughing matter to the garment industry, which had never before experienced the spectacle of women just saying no to its fashion dictates. Eight New York department stores alone had \$73 million tied up in midi stock. One Los Angeles retailer, Joseph Magnin, reported that 95 percent of the store's dress and skirt stock was midi length. Martha Phillips, owner of Martha, outfitted her saleswomen entirely in mid-calf lengths. "You have to sell your staff before you can expect them to sell your customer," she said at the time.

Still, American women were not reassured. An estimated 67 firms went out of business and 37,000 garment workers lost jobs. "A lot of people suffered desperately," recalls Stan Herman, a Coty Award-winning designer for Mr. Mort, one of the

KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5



RICHARD LAWRENCE STACK/BLACK STAR



labels that folded. "People were vacillating. The confusion was awful," Herman, who now designs under his own label, characterizes the women who protested against the midi as "early feminists" and "revolutionaries in Pucci dresses."

Others, like Vincent Monte-Sano, president in 1970 of the New York Couture Business Council, a group representing manufacturers, put the blame squarely on *WWD*. The newspaper, he charged in 1971, "was out to prove that it could force the market in the direction it wanted, the public and Seventh Avenue be damned. It

succeeded only in creating confusion, distrust and resentment—and more publicity for itself than it could possibly buy."

Though the longer look was inevitable, Monte-Sano continued, "it should not have been force-fed but allowed to come down of its own volition and seek its own level—just as it did going up. The industry would have lived off this change for seasons—as it did on the mini and other changes in the past."

Instead, pants became the alternative of choice and the midi was gradually absorbed by the hippie and peasant fashions

of the 70's, though neither the name midi nor longuette was ever attached to the newer styles.

As for the mini, it reappeared in 1986 with a not inconsiderable push from . . . *Women's Wear Daily*, which heavily promoted it as the "new mini." The short style is still with us. And the midi? "I don't think it has ever left," says June Weir. "The difference between now and then is that in 1970, wearing it showed you were in style. Now women are much more self-assured and won't have people dictating to them."

# Wear and Tear

By James Brady

I was the publisher of *Women's Wear Daily* in 1969 when our correspondents in Paris, London and Rome began filing reports of new designs that covered the knee and, in some instances, fell dramatically to the ankle or even the floor. This wasn't an orderly fashion evolution; this was revolution.

Coco Chanel always said fashion came up from the street and wasn't imposed downward on people. Designers, even the best of them, don't simply consult the deities and then conjure something out of nothing. They're subject to the same cultural and subcultural forces that work on writers and filmmakers and network programmers. And in 1969 fashion was squeezed between two powerful and opposing forces: the miniskirt, which had become a staple in women's wardrobes, and the costumes of the flower children, who in inventing their own look had said to hell with the stores. Their clothes, often badly made of cheap fabrics, covered their legs and skimmed the tops of their bare feet.

By the beginning of 1970 designers had gotten the message. Since fashion is by its very nature change, that was big news. And *Women's Wear Daily* played it as such.

Of course, some American garment manufacturers and some stores were violently opposed to long skirts. For good

reason: They had hundreds of millions of dollars in miniskirted inventory to unload.

By midsummer the battle was well and truly joined. *Life* magazine ran a photograph of a glum young woman in a mini holding up a long skirt and regarding herself in a store mirror. I went on the *Today Show* to talk about the whole business with Barbara Walters and a Rochester, N.Y., housewife who was leading a crusade to save the mini. "Like it or not, I'm seen by more people than any other woman in this country," Barbara said on the air, "and when I wear a midi, that's it."

At the offices of *Women's Wear Daily* we received obscene mail and bomb threats. More than once reporters and editors milled about on the sidewalk while cops went through the building. Invited to make a speech in Boston, I was greeted by a classified ad in a local paper urging women to boycott me as—"a sexist toad who manipulates" women's minds.

In Washington, during a television talk show, host Barbara Howard asked me if she could borrow my cigarette lighter. When I handed it over, she held up a copy of *Women's Wear Daily* and set it aflame. As we went to a commercial, the cameramen, the director and I were stomping around the studio,

trying to put out the fire.

The new skirt lengths even became a staple of Johnny Carson's monologues.

And a year or so later? The miniskirt had been pretty much relegated to the wardrobe of cheerleaders. Most American women were wearing their skirts knee-length or farther south.

JAMES BRADY is a columnist for *Advertising Age* and *Parade* magazine. His next book, due in the spring from Crown, is a memoir of Korea called *The Coldest War*.

## Women's Wear Daily

100 HUNTON HALL NEW YORK  
NEW YORK, N.Y. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1970

Vol. 122 No. 4

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*WWD publisher Brady became a target for female fashion fury. Inset: Brady today.*

**"I lost 25 lbs.  
in 3 months...  
And I feel terrific!"**

*Cristina Ferrare*

***"How I went from size 14 to  
a size 10."***

"Even when I was a model, I always worried about my weight. I tried all kinds of diets...but they all left me feeling tired and depressed. This April, I had a beautiful baby and in May I still had 25 pounds to lose. Honestly, I didn't know if I could do it.

***Then I discovered Ultra Slim-Fast...  
I was amazed how easy it was.***

I didn't feel like I was on a diet—never hungry or deprived and I lost all that weight on the Ultra Slim-Fast Program. I had a thick delicious Ultra Slim-Fast shake for breakfast (hint: I make it in a blender with ice), one for lunch, and a Slim-Fast Nutrition Bar for a snack (the peanut butter ones are great!), then a sensible dinner every night. We even went out to my favorite restaurants.

***I was amazed at how energetic I felt.***

Ultra Slim-Fast is healthy and nutritious. Each shake gave me an abundance of vitamins, minerals, protein, important fiber and carbohydrates. This nutritionally balanced program gave me all the energy I needed to keep up with my hectic schedule—and my four children.

Best of all, I actually went from a size 14 to a size 10! And I haven't felt this good since I was 22."



NOTE: Cristina Ferrare may not be typical of the average Slim-Fast user. Most users need to lose less weight. Weight loss varies with the individual depending on a variety of factors.



**LOSING WEIGHT  
by  
Cristina Ferrare**



**Cristina Ferrare: Slim and Looking Great!**

**Cristina's Diet Recipe = Ultra Slim-Fast + Imagination.**

**Cristina's Pina Colada**

8 oz. skim milk  
1 heaping scoop Ultra Slim-Fast  
Vanilla  
1/4 cup pineapple  
1/4 cup banana  
3/4 tsp. coconut extract  
1/4 tsp. rum extract  
1 pack lo-cal sweetener  
10-12 Ice cubes  
Blend until smooth.

**Mocha Creme**

8 oz. skim milk  
1 heaping scoop Ultra Slim-Fast  
Chocolate  
1 1/2 tsp. instant coffee  
1 1/2 packs lo-cal sweetener  
10-12 Ice cubes  
Blend until smooth.



CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE



# Dropping the Bomb

By Harry S. Truman

**I**f I live to be a hundred years old, I'll never forget the day that I was first told about the atomic bomb. It was during the evening of April 12, 1945, just hours after Franklin Roosevelt had died, and no more than half an hour after I was sworn in as President at 7:09 P.M. Henry L. Stimson, who was Roosevelt's secretary of war and then mine, took me aside and reminded me that Roosevelt had authorized the development of a sort of superbomb and that that bomb was almost ready. I was still stunned by Roosevelt's death and by the fact that I was now President, and I didn't think much more about it at the time. But then, on April 26, Stimson asked for a meeting in my office, at which he was joined by Maj. Gen. Leslie Groves, who was in charge of the operation that was developing the bomb, the Manhattan Project. The meeting was so secret that Groves came into the White House by the back door. And at the meeting, Stimson handed me a memorandum that said, "Within four months we shall in all probability have completed the most terrible weapon ever known in human history, one

bomb which could destroy a whole city."

Stimson said very gravely that he didn't know whether we could or should use the bomb because he was afraid that it was so powerful that it could end up destroying the whole world. I felt the same fear as he and Groves continued to talk about it, and when I read Groves's 24-page report. The report said that the first bomb would probably be ready by July and have the strength of about 500 tons of TNT, and even more frighteningly, it went on to say that a second bomb would probably be ready by August and have the strength of as much as 1,200 tons of TNT. We weren't aware then that this was just the tip of the iceberg. That second bomb turned out to have the power of 20,000 tons of TNT, and the hydrogen bomb that eventually followed it had the explosive power of 20 million tons of TNT.

Stimson's memo suggested the formation of a committee to assist me in deciding whether or not to use the bomb on Japan, and I agreed completely. The committee, which we called the Interim Committee, was formed at once and consisted of Stimson as chairman, James F. Byrnes,

who later became my secretary of state, as my representative on the committee, James B. Conant, who was the president of Harvard, Karl T. Compton, who was the president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Vannevar Bush, who was the head of our Office of Scientific Research and Development. The Interim Committee in turn called in, for advice and information, the scientists who developed the bomb: Arthur H. Compton, who was Karl Compton's brother, Enrico Fermi, Ernest O. Lawrence and J. Robert Oppenheimer.

Then, on May 8, my 61st birthday, the Germans surrendered, and I had to remind our country that the war was only half over, that we still had to face the war with Japan. The winning of that war, we all knew, might even be more difficult to accomplish, because the Japanese were self-proclaimed fanatic warriors who made it all too clear that they preferred death to defeat in battle. Just a month before, after our soldiers and Marines landed on Okinawa, the Japanese lost 100,000 men out of the 120,000 in their garrison, and yet, though they were defeated without any question in the world, thousands more Japanese soldiers fell on their own grenades and died rather than surrender.

Nevertheless, I pleaded with the Japanese in my speech announcing Germany's surrender, begging them to surrender, too, but was not too surprised when they refused. And on June 18, I met with the Joint Chiefs of Staff to discuss what I hoped would be our final push against the Japanese. We still hadn't decided whether or not to use the atomic bomb, and the chiefs of staff suggested that we plan an attack on Kyushu, the Japanese island on their extreme west, around the beginning of November, and follow up with an attack on the more important island of Honshu. But the statistics that the generals



UP/BETT/IN NEWS PHOTOS



Aug. 5, 1945: Cloud over Hiroshima.  
"A question of lives," said HST.

gave me were as frightening as the news of the big bomb. The chiefs of staff estimated that the Japanese still had 5,000 attack planes, 17 garrisons on the island of Kyushu alone, and a total of more than two million men on all of the islands of Japan. General Marshall then estimated that, since the Japanese would unquestionably fight even more fiercely than ever on their own homeland, we would probably lose a quarter of a million men and possibly as many as a half-million in taking the two islands. I could not bear this thought, and it led to the decision to use the atomic bomb.

We talked first about blockading Japan and trying to blast them into surrender with conventional weaponry; but Marshall and others made it clear that this would never work, pointing out that we'd hit Germany in this way and they hadn't surrendered until we got troops into Germany itself. Another general also pointed out that Germany's munitions industries were more or less centralized and that our constant bombings of these facilities never made them quit, and Japan's industries were much more spread apart and harder to hit. Then, when we finally talked about the atomic bomb, on July 21, coming to the awful conclusion that it would probably be the only way the Japanese might be made to surrender quickly, we talked first about hitting some isolated area, some low-population area where there would not be too many casualties

but where the Japanese could see the power of the new weapon. Reluctantly, we decided against that as well, feeling that that just wouldn't be enough to convince the fanatic Japanese. And we finally selected four possible target areas, all heavy military-manufacturing areas: Hiroshima, Kokura, Nagasaki and Niigata.

I know the world will never forget that the first bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on August 5, at 7:15 P.M. Washington time, and the second on Nagasaki on August 9. One more plea for surrender had been made to the Japanese on July 29 and was rejected immediately. Then I gave the final order, saying I had no qualms "if millions of lives could be saved." I meant both American and Japanese lives.

The Japanese surrendered five days after the bomb was dropped on Nagasaki, and a number of major Japanese military men and diplomats later confirmed publicly that there would have been no quick surrender without it. For this reason, I made what I believed to be the only possible decision. I said something to this effect in a letter to my sister, Mary: "It was a terrible decision. But I made it. And I made it to save 250,000 boys from the United States, and I'd make it again under similar circumstances." I said the same thing at somewhat greater length in a speech at a university in 1965:

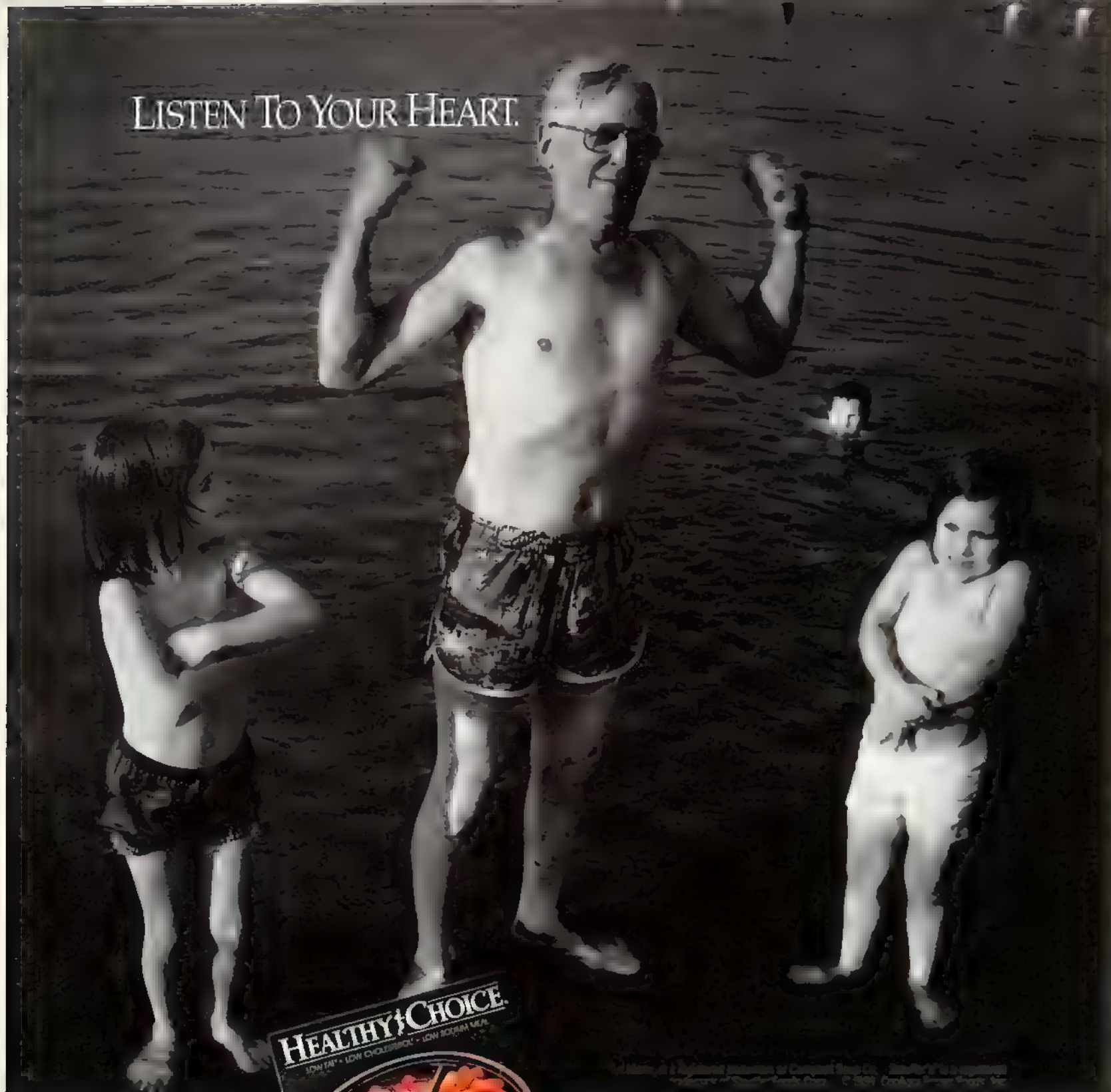
"It was a question of saving hundreds of thousands of American lives . . . You don't feel normal when you have to plan hundreds of thousands of . . . deaths of American boys who are alive and joking and having fun while you're doing your planning. You break your heart and your head trying to figure out a way to save one life . . . The name given to our invasion plan was Olympic, but I saw nothing godly about the killing of all the people that would be necessary to make that invasion. The casualty estimates called for 750,000 American casualties—250,000 killed, 500,000 maimed for life . . . I couldn't worry about what history would say about my personal morality. I made the only decision I ever knew how to make. I did what I thought was right."

I still think that. But God knows it underlines the need for an organization like the United Nations to prevent another and probably final world war. ■





LISTEN TO YOUR HEART.



Lean meats, light sauces, wholesome fruits and vegetables.  
When you know what's good for your heart.

<u>BEEF SIRLOIN TIPS</u>	<u>CHOLESTEROL</u>	<u>SODIUM</u>	<u>FAT</u>
Healthy Choice® Dinners	70mg	350mg	6g
Le Menu	80mg	780mg	19g
Stouffer's	100mg	970mg	23g

MAKE A HEALTHY CHOICE.

# Missing a Beat

By David Halberstam

I don't think I have ever been as wrong about anybody as I was about Malcolm X.

In the spring of 1961 I had just joined the *New York Times's* Washington bureau after five years as a reporter for papers in Mississippi and Tennessee. One morning I read a small story in the *Washington Post* about a meeting of Black Muslims, a new group said to be preaching black separatism and anti-white theology. The speaker? Malcolm X.

My friend and former Nashville roommate, Fred Graham (later to cover the U.S. Supreme Court for the *Times* and, later still, for CBS), was in town, and we decided to go. Malcolm was not yet a major figure, and there had been very little serious reporting on the Muslims. I made an agreement with the *Times*: It was my day off, but if there was something to be written, I would write it.

At this point, having achieved bus-boycott and sit-in victories, the civil rights movement was becoming a real Movement, its pace and demands accelerating rapidly. Social events—that is, street events—were outstripping legal and political ones, and Martin Luther King Jr., responding to pressure from restless black students (who both respected him and called him De Lawd behind his back), was moving forward fast.

And after years of lethargy, America's better newspapers were doing an ever more aggressive job covering racial abuse in the South, often assigning their best reporters to the beat. Because of a somewhat naïve perception of race as strictly a legal and political problem, however, Northern papers did not cover many racial stories in their own bailiwicks, where blacks—at least on paper—could vote and attend schools with whites.

*For this department a distinguished writer is asked to read the magazine before publication and to comment, elaborate or take issue.*



As for me, I had been covering a student movement that had successfully challenged the existing white order through sit-ins. Much of its leadership had come out of Nashville, a city with several black colleges. The students were close to my own age, 26, and I had developed an easy rapport with many of them. The moral challenge implicit in the sit-ins, where the most elegant black students of a generation used nonviolence to gain the right to eat Woolworth's hamburgers, was something I understood and more than sympathized with. Their crusade seemed not only important and dramatic, but terribly American and democratic as well.

So I was less than ready for the new and different story in front of me that day. Malcolm spoke with a far more alienated voice than my ear was attuned to. The people I was used to covering still had their roots in the black Protestant churches of the South; the burden in their lives seemed to them to be nothing more than the legal and political restraints imposed by a white power structure. And they were dramatically more optimistic than Northern blacks about the future.

Malcolm was talking to a different kind of black, someone who had left the South a generation or more before and had run hard into the more complicated de facto segregation of the North. Malcolm's people had left the Christian church and, compared to their Southern counterparts, seemed somewhat adrift. They were the new men and women of the harsh urban streets, perhaps not as desperate as they are today, but desperate nonetheless.

The crowd that day was big. My memory is of a fairground tent on the outskirts of Washington. Fred Graham and I were both frisked on arrival (Fred says I was irate about that) and led, with a handful of other whites, to a small section down front where everyone could see us—an inspired reversal of Southern segregation.

Malcolm's voice was harsher than I ex-

pected. There was less rapport between speaker and audience than at the Southern civil rights meetings I was used to, styled as they were in church cadences and led by people like Dr. King and such other ministers as C. T. Vivian, Kelly Miller Smith and James Lawson. I was disappointed in Malcolm's lack of magnetism, and I was put off by the repeated exhortations to donate money and to buy the tracts of Elijah Muhammad. Adding a bizarre note to all this, George Lincoln Rockwell, the American Nazi Party leader, showed up with a number of his henchmen in full uniform. Malcolm took pleasure in teasing him about a donation—perhaps \$100—Rockwell had made. "You see that, George Lincoln Rockwell, you hear that applause?" Malcolm said. "That's the first time you ever got applause from a crowd of black people."

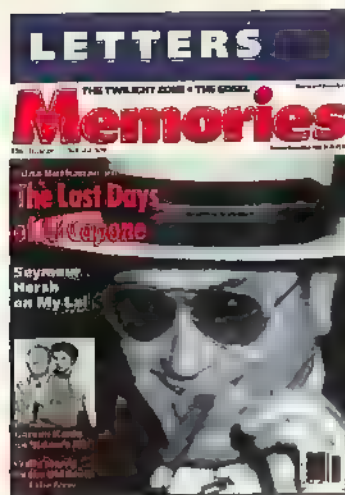
That byplay, and all the fund raising, diminished Malcolm in my eyes. He did not seem a brilliant speaker, not even a good hater; he did not lash out at the white man as I had half-expected (and, as a reporter, probably wanted). Both Fred and I left untouched by his purpose and unaware that he was reaching people no one else could touch. I dutifully wrote a story, but, if memory serves, my piece was "shorted," cut to a few paragraphs.

A few months later I was sent overseas, to be occupied by other stories and other concerns, though what I read about Malcolm from afar made me take him more seriously. I was still abroad when he was murdered. When, later, I read his autobiography, it struck me—and it strikes me now—as a remarkable document, a literary and social classic of a completely unexamined aspect of American life.

By 1967 I was back in America. For a piece for *Harper's* magazine, I traveled with Dr. King in the North and West, through terrain more hospitable to Malcolm than to King. One night we met with students in Berkeley. A young white student stood up and told King how important Malcolm's book was, and how much even his conservative Republican grandmother had liked it. It was, the youth said, a book of love. King pondered the boy's words for a moment and then nodded in agreement. The book, he said, had "what we call the power to *become*." As such, King went on, it had the power of life, and was still living and growing. The same might be said today of Malcolm himself. ■

DAVID HALBERSTAM's most recent book is *Summer of '49*.





## My Lai Lessons

A WORD OF GRATITUDE TO SEYMOUR HERSH for the article on My Lai, where Vietnamese civilians were massacred in 1968, many of them babies. All of our wars have had stories like this one, due to a military which teaches soldiers that the enemy is subhuman. Had Lieutenant Calley opened fire on the streets of New York, he'd be rotting in prison right now, along with all of those who helped him and all of those who could have stopped it but didn't try. Until people learn that all life is precious, whether you are an American or not, we will never have peace on this planet.

TERRY BATSON  
Milwaukee, Wis.

YOU ARE WRONG TO SAY THE MY LAI massacre is being remembered "because it happened." The reason why it is being remembered is because the Vietnam War was unpopular and a failure. Had America's involvement in Vietnam been popular and successful, the massacre would probably not be remembered today. The Dresden massacre in World War II, in which the U.S. needlessly killed over 100,000 German civilians, is almost completely forgotten. But since America was fighting a moral crusade against Nazism and Fascism, these deaths were considered justifiable. The My Lai massacre should be put into perspective. This atrocity was an isolated incident. It does not encapsulate America's involvement in the Vietnam War or make a moral statement against it, as Seymour Hersh and many critics of the war would believe.

PATRICK KEITH CASSIDY  
Depoe Bay, Ore.

I LEARNED OF THE MY LAI ATROCITY ONLY BY reading your magazine and am deeply

We welcome your letters. Please address correspondence to: MEMORIES, 1633 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. You should include your address and telephone number for verification. Letters may be edited for clarity and length.

# Calley to Capone

shocked, some 20 years after it happened, such is its magnitude. The photos of children, mere infants, shot dead is terrifying. That this can happen at all in modern society shows us that the lessons of history are hard learned. Thanks for an excellent example of the sort of history that should never repeat itself.

DEBBIE BRITTON  
Montreal, Quebec, Can.

## Edseletters

YOUR ARTICLE SEEMS TO BLAME ROY BROWN'S design as the principal reason for the Edsel's demise. I really would like to defend him. I was production engineering manager for the Edsel, and I remember the animosity that was very visible between Richard Krafve [head of the Edsel Division] and Robert McNamara [vice president/general manager of the Ford Division]. My colleagues and I could do little but try to get the Ford and Mercury assembly plants to accept the Edsel. Unfortunately the word had already been passed to ignore our requests, and Ford and Mercury parts appeared



Roy Brown: Blameless?

on the Edsel quite frequently. Naturally they had to be replaced. We even had to change the styling on some of the trim moldings because one V.P.'s wife didn't like them. The moldings had to be completely retooled. Roy Brown was a friend and neighbor of mine, and I do hate to see him take all the responsibility for a debacle that was foreordained before we ever went into production.

LAIRD ANDERSON  
White Bear Lake, Minn.

I FELL IN LOVE WITH THE EDSSEL THE FIRST TIME I saw one, in 1957. I would have my husband drive me to the dealer's just to look at it. At the time we could not afford to buy one, and unfortunately, with the price of them today we still can't. But I knew a winner when I saw one. The same can be said of your magazine.

NANCY G. THOMAS  
Bowling Green, Ky.

## Another Side of Capone

EVEN THOUGH AL CAPONE WAS A VICIOUS AND ruthless crime boss, I would like to relate a story which shows that Capone was not vicious all the time. My friend's father told me that when he was a small boy in Chicago, gangsters and shootings were rather routine. One day as he was standing on the street selling newspapers, a man came up to him and said, "Son, I suggest you get out of here because there may be some trouble." So the boy left the area and went a few blocks away. About 10 minutes later, there was a gang-style drive-by shooting at the very spot where he had been standing. The man who told him to get away from the area was Al Capone. Regardless of Capone's history, I take my hat off to him and salute him for saving a little boy's life.

ANDREW R. EIDE  
San Diego, Calif.

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